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KARL HOAGLAND: "Always a great skeptic — for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one

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2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and mer. Many persons have lost an inch or more the very first day.

HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for waistline maintenance, you can use the belt about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. **Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this "magic" belt.** The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember this. **You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT... AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95. Nothing else that we have tried, nothing else that we have seen, nothing else that we know of can give the sensationaly rapid results in reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt is the fastest, surest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective waistline reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee: **Man or woman, if your waistline is not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt for only 3 days, you may simply return this belt to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want a trimmer, slimmer, firmer, lighter waistline and you want it now—send for your Sauna Belt today and discover what a remarkable difference it can make in the way you look and the way you feel. It will be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

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who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, metabolism allows you with this belt, remember **just 3 days or you may return the belt and your money back**

nothing else that we have tried, nothing else with the sensational rapid results in

the Sauna Belt is the fastest, most effective waistline back guarantee: **after using the Sauna Belt you want nothing more**

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Please send me **3 Sauna Belts** unsundered that come with complete instructions. I enclose \$9.00. **For each Sauna Belt and complete instructions I enclose \$9.00.**

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MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

By Return Mail

Sir: While I disagreed with your jaundiced view of strikes against the Government, I liked the positive approach of the article urging realistic pay scales, good working conditions and an adequate collective bargaining machinery for our postal employees [March 30].

You don't have to have compulsory arbitration. Why not negotiate voluntary arbitration with expiration dates? This way you have the desired arbitration, but you keep the right to strike intact.

An non-fair-labor-practice code should be applied to Congress, for certainly tying the President's corporation plan to a pay raise was not bargaining in good faith.

On the fair-labor-practice carriers tell me they handle so much franked mail from the Defense Department and other units of Government that the overworked postal employees feel they are subsidizing these agencies, looking bad themselves in order to make everybody else look good. And what about postal subsidies to corporations? If everyone paid his fair share, our letter carriers insist, the Post Office, together with its employees, would find its way into the affluent part of America.

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT
Executive Secretary-Treasurer
Hawaii State Federation of Labor
A.F.L.-C.I.O.
Honolulu

Sir: Part of the solution of the "mail mess" would be to raise the postal rate of bulk mail. This would rid the workers of quite a load of junk mail and would raise more money for the Post Office.

EDWARD DZIURA
Jackson, Mich.

Sir: I had to agree with President Nixon when he wanted the Post Office to be set up as an autonomous corporation. If this were done, the employees would have a better chance of rising to better positions. Also, the corporation would have the power to raise or lower postal rates.

KAREN MOYERS
Sugar Grove, W. Va.

Sir: I just read your article concerning Peter Stafford of U.S. Postal Department, and it made me rather mad. You state that he only makes \$8,030 a year, and that he should be making \$11,236 merely because he has a large family. I can't see how one can determine a person's earning power by how well he can produce children. It seems to me that a person's earnings should depend on his skill and education. Can you say that a person earning the same amount as Stafford but having only one or two children shouldn't have a raise if he is doing the same job? What Stafford needs, or rather needed, is not a raise but some birth-control method that works.

F.M. WILLIAMS
Gainesville, Fla.

Reality in the Kitchen

Sir: About halfway through your article "Inefficiency in America" [March 23], I was so disheartened that I felt in the need of a light refreshment. In the refrigerator I had two cans of Canada Dry ginger ale. Snapping both cans loose from the holder, the concern and reality expressed in your article were brought right into my kitchen when I found that the can in my

LETTERS

left hand was empty—it had been sealed empty at the factory.

I called the factory manager, and while offering his apologies and a free six-pack to be delivered to my door, he suggested that I punch a hole in the can and use it as a piggy bank. Perhaps our ingenuity will overcome our inefficiency.

GILBERT ("SCOTTY") WILSON
Boulder, Colo.

Sir: This is a slice of a letter that I received, explaining why Marlene can't find out her new telephone number: "Marlene has not had her phone number changed. The phone company has changed it for some reason and won't tell her what it's changed to, since they claim that it's an unlisted number. When I left she was still trying to get it all straightened out."

J.D. MEAD

Warren, Vt.

Sir: The inconveniences of packing water from the creek, running to the outhouse, and harnessing the team are far outweighed by the peace of mind that comes with knowing that all systems are operating.

HANK RATE

Corwin Springs, Mont.

Sir: Enclosed is the extra TIME cover that came with the issue devoted to inefficiency in America.

MRS. KARL THEMAN

Mesa, Ariz.

The Vital Element

Sir: In reporting Kathy Boudin's parents' refusal to cooperate with the police following the explosion which took three lives and demolished the Wilkerson house [March 23], TIME has accidentally touched on the vital element of America's woes vis-à-vis "the disenchanted young people."

Behind almost every school-disrupting radical, firebomb-hurling, hate-filled anarchist and law-defying exhibitionist there stands a set of doting, condoning, often proud and usually money-lavishing parents.

Here is evidence suggesting that a girl has contributed to triple manslaughter, was constructing bombs for whatever dastardly purposes, had thereby blown up one house and caused substantial damage to others—all of which must encompass a veritable fistful of felonies. And yet her parents, the father a lawyer no less, refuse to cooperate with the police.

KENNETH A. LABAND
Lompoc, Calif.

Who's Boss

Sir: In the aerospace article [March 9], it is stated that the vacancy created by the retirement of J.L. Atwood as president of North American Rockwell will not be filled. Actually it was filled by Robert Anderson, who advanced from executive vice president to president and chief operating officer. Mr. Anderson is in charge of all company operations, including commercial products and aerospace.

H. WALTON CLOKE
Vice President

Public Relations and Advertising
North American Rockwell Corp.
El Segundo, Calif.

Man with a Vision

Sir: The strong scent of fresh hope emerging from the article on Psychologist Mor-

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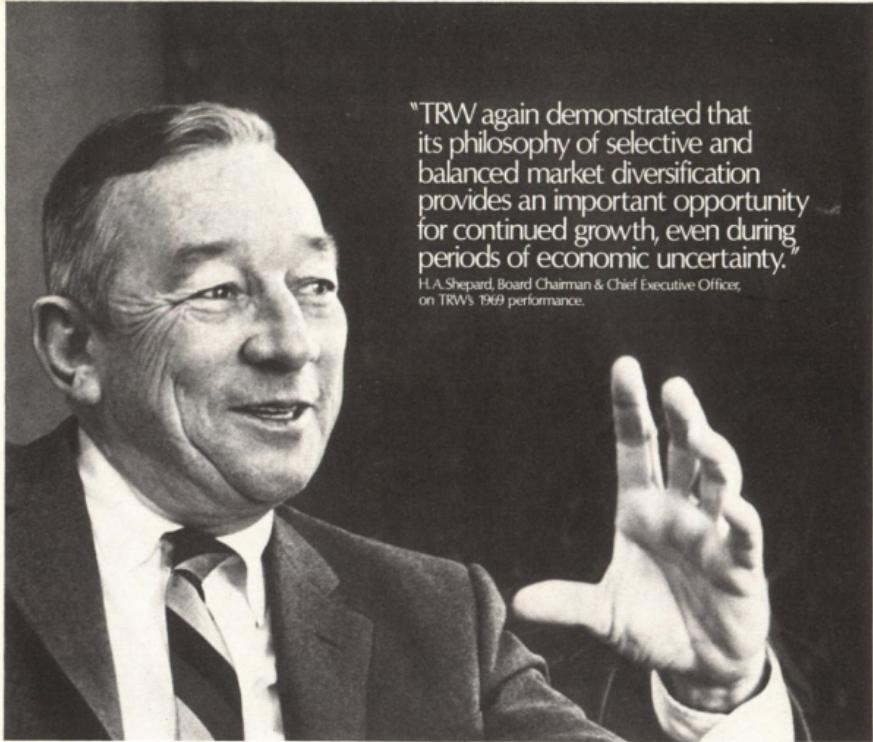
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rate than the growth rates of each of the major markets it serves.

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our long established markets and continuing the recent rapid expansion of international markets.

For more about the continuing TRW growth story, ask for your copy of TRW's 1969 Annual Report. Write Charles R. Allen, Vice President and Chief Financial Officer, TRW INC., 23555 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44117.

TRW



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for the martini.



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAK, NY • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

ton Bard's love affair with New York's 30th Police Precinct Family Crisis Intervention Unit [March 23] brought tears to eyes that, accustomed to mirages, over-reacted when a real oasis appeared.

If an old institution like the police department can be changed in substance and image by one man with a vision—a vision that must have appeared incredible, if not ridiculous, to our polarized and fragmented society, what potential for real hope could lie ahead if other institutions would find their Morton Bard?

PAUL PHILIPP
Clinical Psychologist
Veterans Administration Hospital
San Juan

Ah, So

Sir: The same ones who are saying that Carswell won't make a good Justice said that Agnew wouldn't make a good Vice President.

RALPH E. McLAUGHLIN
Homelake, Colo.

Potatoes for the Pyre

Sir: While those potato growers in Idaho are burning their crops in a demand for higher market prices [March 23], they may add to their pyre the 10 lbs. I bought last week. One-third was too badly rotted to use; one-third was usable only by cutting away half of the potato; the remaining third was just slightly blemished and required only a minimum of surgery before eating. I'm not sure, but I think this batch was a vast improvement over the 10 lbs. I bought several months ago, which were so green that I had to let them sit for weeks to ripen. All were conveniently packaged in a handy brown

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Does the public's right to protection cancel out the public employee's right to strike?



Many citizens are sure that it does. That when fire alarms and police calls go unanswered, trash and garbage go uncollected, or a public school goes unattended, then the health, safety and convenience of the public is deliberately endangered. And that strikes which disrupt such essential services should be outlawed and violators dealt with severely.

Some of these people even argue that striking against government at any level is interfering with our basic political process, and is equal almost to subversion and treason.

But others just as vehemently contend that public employees have as much right as private labor to unionize, to bargain and to strike when unpopular conditions exist and negotiations fail. That to deny them these rights is

an outrageous discrimination which leaves a minority of U. S. workers at the mercy of politics and the whim of an often indifferent public.

The point is, where do you stand on this issue. Because your taxes pay these people's wages. That's why it's important for you to have an opinion on this issue. And to make it known. In writing. To your federal, state and local officials. So they can put your opinions into action to influence appropriate legislation.

We hope you'll write your letters on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not . . . write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pennsylvania, maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.



Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.



Let's call him Joe Doakes. He earns \$4.80 an hour. His annual take-home is pushing ten thousand. Not bad for starters.

But \$75,000?

That's what Joe's wife would collect if he should become a statistic.

How can he swing it? Through a term policy of the type pioneered by our Occidental Life Company. It gives a young family man twice the coverage of ordinary life insurance. And at half the cost.

Let's say Joe becomes a father. As his cup runneth over, so will his expenses. But a loan from our Pacific Finance would help him buy his way out of the hospital. And even put baby into a layette.

Good mechanics come high.
This one's worth seventy-five grand.



Shortly thereafter female logic will convince Mrs. Joe that new mothers deserve new wardrobes. At the same time wifely caution will prompt her to spread the payments through a revolving credit plan operated by our Transamerica Credit Corporation.

The middle American. He expects more for his money than three squares a day. Products he needs. But he wants services even more. Services that will let him live a little.

Our financial services do just that. They stretch his income. Give him more mileage for his dollar.

We help the average Joe get out from under.

John R. Beckett, Chairman of the Board

 Transamerica Corporation



camouflage bag I could neither open nor see through. Burn, baby, burn.

PAT SKAGGS

Elmira, Ore.

A Switch in TIME

Sir: Voters in the Seventh Congressional District of Texas were amazed to read in TIME that I am a Democrat running as a Republican for George Bush's U.S. House seat [March 30]. Although I was first elected to the Texas house in 1966 as a Democrat, I changed my affiliation to the G.O.P. in 1967 and was re-elected in 1968 as a Republican, receiving more votes than any contested Republican has ever polled in the district.

W.R. (BILL) ARCHER

State Representative

Seventh Congressional District

Houston

The New Royalists

Sir: If nothing else, the Cambodian situation [March 30] has provided the world with the belly laugh of the year. We now witness the hilarious spectacle of the Russian and Chinese Marxists falling all over themselves offering support to a prince of the Cambodian aristocracy who is trying to regain his kingdom. If the world revolutionary timetable is still in order, we can now expect the S.D.S., the New Left and the hairy cohorts of the Chicago Seven to hit the streets with rocks and clubs, shrieking "Solidarity with Cambodian Royalty!"

BOB CARY

Ely, Minn.

Sir: Funny your Cambodian demonstrators' placards should be in English. Doesn't the CIA speak French?

GRAHAM JOHNSON

Wellington, N.Z.

The Deadly Slicks

Sir: You refer to the leakage of oil off the Louisiana coast [March 23] and remark that "fortunately the slick blew out to sea." Oil slicks out at sea are scarcely to be preferred to oil slicks on shore.

On Feb. 4, the tanker *Arrow* ran aground on *Cerberus Rock* in *Chedabucto Bay*, Nova Scotia, and began pouring out its cargo of bunker oil. Much of this oil was deposited along 70 miles of rocky Cape Breton coastline, but a large slick was blown out to sea. Company men, press and public rejoiced, and efforts were made to tow the stern section of the broken ship out to sea and scuttle it with its tanks still full of oil. Fortunately the stern slipped off its ledge and sank into the bay. Fortunately, because the company was forced to pump the oil from the tanks.

Sable Island, a 20-mile-long crescent of sand, lies only a hundred miles off the coast. A month after the stranding of the tanker, the bay, thick bunker oil, which analysis has shown to be similar to that leaked from the *Arrow*, began to wash onto *Sable* along with thousands of dead birds, chiefly murres, dovekeys and fulmars. I censused stretches of the beach on *Sable Island*, and I estimate that about 5,000 seabirds were washed up on the island. This can be only a small part of the total kill.

A.R. LOCK

Halifax, N.S.

First Things First

Sir: Now hold on there just one minute. I realize that there are more important issues than movie reviewing for one to get outraged at these days, but the person who made the statement, "In the hands of such masters as Tennessee Williams and Edward Albee, individuals were always shown to be deviates first and human beings second" in a review of *The Boys in the Band* [March 30], is an idiot. Is Amanda Wingfield more deviate than human? Is Blanche DuBois? Is Maggie Pollitt? Is Serafina Delle Rose? Is Tom Wingfield? Is Mitch in *Streetcar*? Is Big Daddy, for that matter? If these people are deviates first and human beings second then I am not a homosexual sitting at a typewriter in Philadelphia; I am a dog on the moon baying at the earth.

J. NICHOLAS KNEBELS

Philadelphia

Sir: For almost a year I directed the Institute for Sex Research (Kinsey) study of homosexuals in the San Francisco Bay Area for which we recruited almost 6,000 homosexuals. Only a small percentage of those are represented in *Boys in the Band*.

Some day someone will produce a play or movie that depicts a typical homosexual role in our society. And it won't portray a "deviant" behavior but rather a "variant." And that can be beautiful!

TOM B. MAURER
Associate Director

National Sex and Drug Forum
San Francisco

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York N.Y. 10020.



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make it all in one piece. Like a plane's fuselage. The shape of every SAAB is determined by wind-tunnel tests. So its body is designed to help the car drive better, not just look better.

And if an engineering problem comes up, we invite our aircraft engineers to sit in on its solution. And contribute to that solution. This not only goes for the body, it goes for the braking system, chassis, etc.

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"Bobby just isn't motivated!"

His teachers often say that he's a bright boy and could do better but he "just isn't motivated." You know he has the potential, but he "just isn't motivated." He has the ability to apply himself, but he "just isn't motivated."

At Educational Resources we say that Bobby is highly motivated—motivated to do poorly or to actually fail. This becomes pretty clear when you take a close look at the way he's handling his life.

His grades are low, no matter how easy the course. When you ask him why his grades are so low, he gives you all the excuses in the world. In fact, Bobby can justify every poor grade he has even received. His history teacher didn't like him; he doesn't like English so he didn't even try; the bookstore didn't have his math book; science was his last class of the day and he was tired by then. And he can go on endlessly.

Bobby's not worried about the grades. He tells himself, and he tells you, that it was just bad luck but it's going to be better next semester. Bobby actually believes it when he tells you. And you hope he really means it. But after hearing the same excuses so many times, you finally can't believe them any longer. You know next semester is never really better.

Bobby's poor grades aren't just bad luck. Bobby has to exert a lot of time and energy to get such consistently low grades. He is motivated to underachieve. We know that sounds strange. Why would a bright boy, a likeable boy, a boy who doesn't get into trouble, want to fail? Why would a boy who has so much going for him choose to throw away a potentially bright future? Why is it so important to Bobby to maintain the underachievement?

Bobby is motivated to fail because he is afraid to succeed. He is afraid of the responsibilities of success. He is afraid to grow up. If he succeeds in school, he will have to start thinking about himself, his future, his career. He will have to make choices, decisions, commitments. He will have to start thinking about handling the responsibilities of being an adult. Being an adult and being responsible are such threatening concepts to Bobby that he refuses to think about the future. But meanwhile, he's not very happy in the present.

Bobby isn't aware of what he's doing. Bobby can't help himself out of the bind he's in. You can't help him either, except by getting him the kind of professional help he needs. Educational Resources helps boys like Bobby.

But we can't help you or your son over the phone. We can't explain our program to you over the phone because we do different things with different students. We can't talk about treating a problem until we understand the exact nature of the problem. We can't make a recommendation based on speculation.

If both parents feel that they have an underachievement problem in their family and if both parents are concerned enough to do something about it, they can call 973-2115 to make an appointment for a consultation interview with any one of the Educational Resources professional staff. There is no fee for the consultation interview, and at that time we can discuss in detail your student and our program. If we can't help you, we'll tell you who can.

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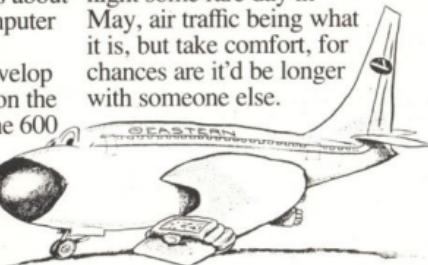
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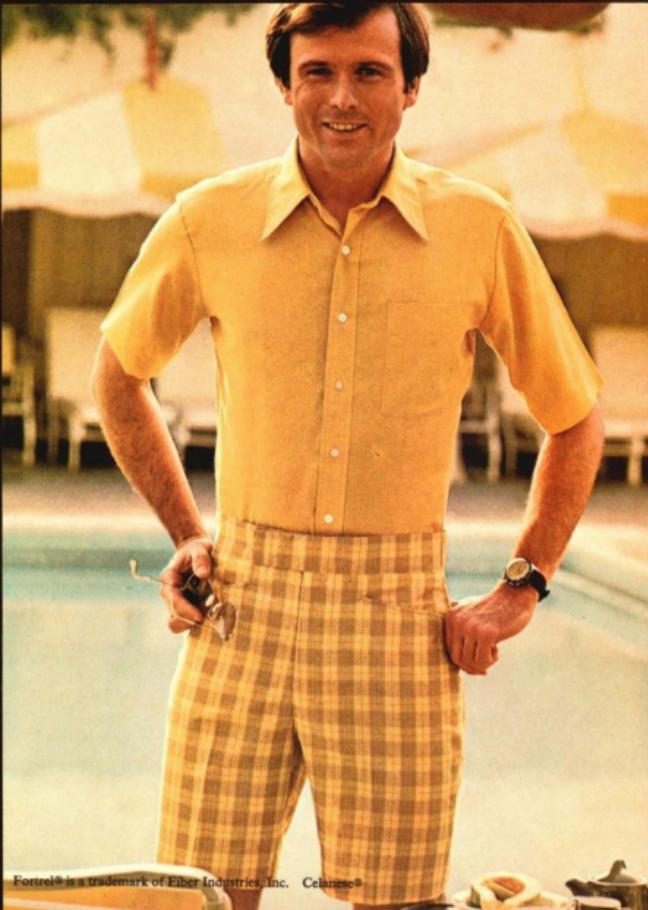
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Physician, Heal Thyself

Juvenile delinquents are easy to identify once they have gone astray, but spotting and helping potential offenders is a poignant problem for parents and police alike. A New York specialist in psychosomatic medicine, Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, has now come up with a startling plan for preventing delinquency. It involves nothing less than the mass psychological testing of every American child between the ages of six and eight in order to weed out future criminals.

"Corrective treatment should begin at that time for all those tested children who show delinquent tendencies," recommended Hutschnecker, who was practicing internal medicine when Richard Nixon went to him for periodic physical checkups in the early 1950s. After-school counseling would be mandatory for young children; older, hard-core youths might be packed off to special camps. To reinforce their better traits, Hutschnecker suggested, "there are Pavlovian methods, which I have seen used effectively in the Soviet Union."

Dr. Hutschnecker's Orwellian proposal has stirred strong criticism from many experts who argue that there is simply no scientific way to test a future criminal with any degree of accuracy. Said Caleb Foote, a University of California law professor and criminologist: "The idea of predicting future criminal careers by testing six-year-old children is unworkable, discriminatory and unjust to the thousands who would erroneously be labeled precriminal." Last year Dr. Hutschnecker called for "a kind of mental-health certificate" that would be required of young people applying "for any job of political responsibility." His idea of sanity credentials left unresolved Juvenal's question about who would guard the guardians, but it raised an intriguing possibility: Why not make the anti-lunacy license mandatory for psychiatrists as well?

Acid by Accident

Because of its special hallucinogenic potency, LSD holds a particularly sinister terror for most Americans. Acid has been the villain in several bizarre and well-publicized incidents: there was the hoax that six Pennsylvania students were blinded by staring at the sun while stoned, the near death of a 5-year-old New York girl who innocently munched

an LSD-laced sugar cube from the family refrigerator, the suicide of Art Linkletter's daughter Diane, 20, after a bad trip. Now a new chapter has been written in the grim folklore of LSD. Somebody slipped some acid into the potato and corn chips at a swinging singles party in the Marina del Rey section of Los Angeles, and nearly 40 of the 200 guests tripped out.

When sheriff's deputies arrived, the scene resembled a Bosch vision of hell. "Some of them were staring," said one. "Some were unusually happy. Some were sick. People were screaming. Some said the walls were moving. One man cried that his hands were getting bigger and bigger. It looked like a madhouse."

Psychiatrist Louis Lumsky, who treated many of the trippers, called the Marina del Rey incident the first documented case of mass hallucinogenic poisoning. "The frightening thing is," he adds, "that it could happen again." These days, if an American escapes being hijacked in an airplane, mugged in the street or sniped at by a man gone berserk, he apparently still runs the risk of getting accidentally zonked by the hors d'oeuvres at a friendly neighborhood cocktail party.

The Outlaws of 1970

This month a superior court judge in Fayetteville, N.C., put his pen to an order declaring that three prisoners who had escaped from the Cumberland county jail were outlaws. Outlaws? In 1970? As it happens, North Carolina is one of a handful of states where outlawry remains in existence. Once a man is made an outlaw by court order in North Carolina, he is literally outside the protection of the law. Any citizen may try to capture him and, if the outlaw resists, the citizen may legally kill him on the spot.

Bobby Deaver, a Fayetteville lawyer who has written on the history of outlawry in the *North Carolina Law Review*, argues that the statute should be rescinded before "irreparable injustice occurs which could reflect on the dignity of the laws of North Carolina." The very concept of outlawry—though it is technically a legal procedure—recalls the dismal frontier days of vigilantes and lynch mobs, when angry citizens were allowed to take the law into their own hands and too frequently did. Fortunately for the three North Carolina prisoners, all were peaceably recaptured within three days of the judge's ruling.



BIRCH BAYH



EDWARD BROOKE

The Seventh

THE enormity of the defeat was staggering enough. At a time when a confluence of pressures was already upon him, Richard Nixon experienced the most serious reversal of his young presidency with the Senate's surprise rejection of his second nomination to the Supreme Court. The setback was a sharp blow to the President's national prestige, especially since he had only a week before raised the Senate vote to the level of a test of wills by denouncing senatorial opposition to his presidential prerogatives. The Senate's action at least called into question the viability of his Administration's so-called Southern strategy, and it raised serious doubts about the usefulness of his Attorney General, the architect of that strategy and the man who has twice recommended losers to the President. Moreover, the defeat showed that Nixon's White House, far from being the dust-free, efficient machine that so many had expected it to be, is not only increasingly embattled but in many ways remarkably prone to malfunction.

Still, the President could have absorbed the blow quietly, picked a more suitable candidate for his third try at the court and hoped that the affair would eventually blow over. Instead, displaying signs of the zest for political roughhousing that was his hallmark in the 1940s and '50s, Nixon decided to slug it out with the Senate. The conflict that he thus launched could have greater impact on his Administration



MITCHELL & THE PRESIDENT IN OVAL OFFICE*



CARSWELL AT HOME

Crisis of Richard Nixon

—and on the country—than the Senate's rejection of Clement Haynsworth Jr. and George Harrold Carswell.

Twenty-seven hours after the vote on Carswell last week, Nixon faced reporters in the White House press briefing room. Beside him was Attorney General John Mitchell, his presence apparently an indication of Nixon's continued trust in him. The President's jaw was taut. His eyes were angry, his words clipped. "I have reluctantly concluded," he declared, "that it is not possible to get confirmation for a judge on the Supreme Court of any man who believes in the strict construction of the Constitution, as I do, if he happens to come from the South." He accused his opponents not only of regional prejudice, but of "hypocrisy" and of subjecting Haynsworth and Carswell to "vicious assaults on their intelligence, on their honesty." He said that he would be forced to nominate a judicial conservative from outside the South, thus denying that section of the nation its just representation. Later, in a written statement, he gave Southerners his "assurance that the day will come when men like Judges Carswell and Haynsworth can and will sit on the high court."

The implication of political retribution in this year's congressional election, the playing on the South's latent persecution complex, the conversion of a dispute over the qualifications of two individuals into a confrontation between the Executive and Legislative branches,

the harshness of the President's tone—all these were the ingredients of a potentially historic breach. If the President persists in his course, the schism could rival Woodrow Wilson's deadlock with the "little band of willful men" in the Senate who opposed U.S. participation in the League of Nations. It is also reminiscent of F.D.R.'s campaigning against Senators who had opposed his plan to pack the Supreme Court with Justices friendly to New Deal legislation.

The current fight is a clear departure—and could become an enduring one—from Nixon's lowered-voice policy. It raises the pitch of political debate and tends to divide the nation, which he has vowed to "unite" and lead "forward together." Implicit in the conflict over Haynsworth and Carswell were factors of race and class. To many, the Supreme Court since the mid-1950s has become a symbol of disconcerting social change. The court has been both heavily attacked and stoutly defended; another prolonged controversy could further damage its prestige.

The new bitterness could also affect Nixon's policies on other issues. After a

* Though the President here seems to be unhappy to all appearances—and in this case had good reason to be so—some who have worked with him say that his turned-down-mouth expression is really one of concentration on the matter before him. When he is really displeased, they say, his most characteristic expression is a tight smile, accompanied by excessive politeness.

period of relatively good fortune and success in dealing with both a Democratic Congress and the general public, his problems have begun to accumulate rapidly. With the Senate battle, in fact, Nixon could be headed toward a sequel to his 1962 memoirs, *Six Crises*. The continued toll of inflation on the voter is earning him bad marks. At the same time, the fear of recession is prevalent, and it was not assuaged by last week's announcement that in March the unemployment rate rose to 4.4%, the highest since Nixon took office. Labor turmoil in eleven major industries threatens the country's stability. The conflict over school integration is growing worse rather than better, partly because of the Administration's ambivalence about how integration should be enforced. Despite Nixon's election promise to conduct a "war" on it, crime continues to increase inexorably.

In foreign affairs, new fighting in Cambodia threatens an expansion of the war—and at home, dissent about the war is blooming once again with the spring. The Senate last week approved, 72 to 6, a resolution calling for a Soviet-American freeze on deployment of both offensive and defensive strategic nuclear weapons. As the U.S. resumes arms negotiations with the Russians, the Administration wants a free hand in the bargaining rather than back-seat driving from Capitol Hill. And as if all this were not bothersome enough, a new Louis Harris poll, taken just

before the Carswell rejection, discloses this week that Nixon's popularity rating has dropped to 52%—one of the lowest in his presidency. Harris reports that regional breakdowns indicate that Nixon's Southern strategy has proved popular in Border and Deep South states, but is costing him support in the industrial Northeast and the Midwest.

What Nixon needs now is Congress's cooperation, especially on his proposed new budget. His frugal spending plans have been jarred by hastily prepared pay raises for federal employees that resulted from the Post Office strike. Yet his attack on the Senate last week produced hostility that he can ill afford. The President's accusations, after all,

hit not merely the 51 Senators who voted against Carswell. In the vote on Haynsworth and in the two tests on Carswell, a total of 61 Senators opposed the Administration.

Predictably, Nixon's statement caused a furor. It was in no way diminished when Spiro Agnew followed up on a CBS interview with an accusation that the Senate had allowed itself to be taken in by "the worst snow job of any legislative body in history." More than two dozen Senators signed a letter charging that the President had "completely mistaken" the Senate's action and pledging that they would support a Southerner of Nixon's philosophical persuasion if he met "the high legal, judicial

and ethical standards which we believe are required." Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore introduced a resolution accusing Nixon of an "assault on the integrity of the Senate." Agnew's riposte was that Gore was "trying to crawl out of a difficult situation."

Even some Republicans who had stood with the Administration were discomfited. James Pearson of Kansas, who voted for both nominees, said: "I do not recall a single discussion or comment, either public or private, by a single Senator, which would warrant the President's conclusion." Minority Leader Hugh Scott was privately furious at the Administration's handling of the case. Publicly, he said: "The Senate is

Four Crucial Nays: Why They Did It

MONENTS before voting began on the Carswell nomination, Robert Dole of Kansas turned his back on Vice President Agnew to speak directly to his fellow Republicans on the left side of the Senate chamber. Dole looked squarely at Marlow Cook of Kentucky, who had led the unsuccessful fight to confirm Clement Haynsworth. "The fate of G. Harrold Carswell rests on this side of the aisle," Dole said. "We will make the decision, as our votes will make the difference." Cook stared straight ahead. When his name was called to vote, he replied firmly: "No."

Given his championship of Haynsworth and the fact that he is a freshman Senator from a border state that has Southern proclivities, Cook seemed to be oddly cast in his defiant role. At the start, he wanted to stay and vote with the Administration on Carswell but, after long hours of Judiciary Committee hearings and his own examination of Carswell's record as a judge, Cook concluded that Carswell flunked the test of legal competence.

"He didn't pass the standards that I'd set with Judge Haynsworth," Cook, 43, told TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil. "I'm a lawyer. I'd wanted to be one all my life, ever since I was a kid. The Supreme Court is something to me which is so awe-inspiring that I want to dedicate myself to seeing that the court gets back to the greatness it once had."

By Cook's account, he did not finally make up his mind until the eve of the vote, after the second of two visits to the White House. The first time, he talked with the President over coffee for more than an hour, explaining, lawyer to lawyer, his reservations about Carswell. Nixon explicitly asked him for his vote. Cook would not promise it. Said Nixon: "I understand, and if you have a problem on this you'll just have to go your own way." Next day Cook was back at the White House for a presentation of Medals of Honor—all of them awarded posthumously—to Viet

Nam war heroes. Cook heard Nixon praise "the excellence of these people, the high degree of their efficiency." That did it. Said Cook: "Driving back, I thought to myself, what we are saying here is that these boys gave their lives—and we sitting up here are going to put on the Supreme Court someone from whom we don't demand a high degree of efficiency and excellence. It may sound corny, but that's what happened."

Another lawyer who favors a strict-constructionist court, Freshman Democrat William Spong of Virginia, went through a similar process in arriving at his anti-Carswell decision, though there was no emotional conclusion like Cook's experience at the Medal of Honor ceremony. Spong, too, had voted for Haynsworth, and he had also started out for Carswell. "I agree with the President that there is the need of a Southerner on the court," Spong said. But Carswell's printed opinions as a district court judge turned out to have been reversed, when appealed, nearly three times as often as those of his colleagues, according to a Ripon Society survey. Spong added: "I spent the Easter recess reading the statistical data on his reversals, and opinions he had rendered on contracts and other matters with

which I was familiar as a lawyer." He concluded: "The South has been patronized in that the President offered a nominee who was less than qualified."

Spong and Cook felt strong pressures from home to vote for Carswell. For Vermont Republican Winston Prouty, it was the other way round. He is generally an Administration loyalist; he stuck with Nixon on the ABM issue when most Northeasterners did not, and he supported the Haynsworth nomination. But the Senator faces a difficult reelection campaign against former Governor Philip Hoff, a liberal Democrat who had zeroed in on the incumbent as a Nixon rubber stamp. Moreover, the mail from Prouty's Yankee constituency ran heavily against Carswell, and the state bar association plumped for a no vote.

Prouty found no satisfactory answers from pro-Carswell colleagues to his questions about the nominee. "I thought we would be doing the Administration a favor by recommitting, giving Carswell a chance to dispel some of the doubts about him," he said. Once the recommitment motion had failed, he concluded, he could not support Carswell on the final vote. Said Prouty: "It was a

WALTER BENNETT



COOK OF KENTUCKY

DAVID BENNETT



SPONG OF VIRGINIA

AP



PROUTY OF VERMONT

anxious to support the President. I stand ready to help muster that support and urge the nomination of an individual with impeccable credentials."

That the Administration could not persuade a majority of Senators of the qualifications of either Haynsworth or Carswell was the nub of the entire fight. Unquestionably, there was some truth to the argument that a number of current and past Justices were no jewels of judicial wisdom. Doubtless, some Democrats were glad to embarrass the Administration and would have behaved differently toward men of similar caliber who were nominated by a Democratic President. Certainly the fact that both judges are Southern conservatives

difficult decision—one of the most difficult I have ever had to make."

The final crucial vote against Carswell came from another New England Republican, Maine's formidable taciturn Margaret Chase Smith, who had opposed Haynsworth. Though Mrs. Smith indicated before the vote that she was unhappy with Carswell's contradictory testimony about his role in incorporating a segregated Tallahassee country club, one of her close confidants let the White House know that she was "all right" on Carswell. Just before the Senate vote, Mrs. Smith learned that Administration operatives, particularly White House Aide Bryce Harlow, were using her favorable stand to lobby Republican wavemakers. The Congress has no fury like Mrs. Smith's when she feels that her senatorial independence has been violated. Seething, but outwardly as serene as the fresh rose she wears each day, Mrs. Smith sat quietly until she could say "No." Asked for her motive, she would only say: "My vote speaks for itself."

Thus, for wildly different reasons—lawyerly doubts, reverence for the Supreme Court, political pressure back home, personal pique—a Southerner, a Border State Senator and two Yankees cast the key votes against Carswell. Once again, out of its diversity, the Senate had spoken.



SMITH OF MAINE

evoked opposition from blacks, liberal intellectuals and trade unionists, inducing some Senators to be more skeptical than they otherwise would have been. Yet Northern liberals by themselves did not have the votes to defeat Nixon's selections. In the 51-to-45 tally against Carswell, decisive votes came from Southerners, Border-state Senators and middle-of-the-road Republicans. A total of 13 Republicans voted against Carswell, 17 against Haynsworth. After last November's rejection of Haynsworth, the Senate generally was eager to assent to the next choice and thus avoid another unpleasant battle.

This feeling, together with the belief that Carswell was less controversial than Haynsworth and had none of the business entanglements that defeated the first nominee, made the Administration coolly confident that it would win when Carswell's name was put forward on Jan. 19. Indeed, such key Republican Senators as Minority Leader Scott and Whip Robert Griffin, both of whom had turned against Nixon to oppose Haynsworth, were dutifully backing Carswell. The hard-core opponents waged mainly a delaying action, waiting to see if an arguable case against him would develop.

Opposition Mobilizes

And develop it did. Two newsmen turned up the fact that Carswell had made a white-supremacist speech 22 years ago; Carswell recanted. Then it became known that he had been an incorporator of a Tallahassee golf club that went from public to private status in an apparent attempt to avoid desegregation; before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Carswell obfuscated the issue, bringing his candor into question. Critics pointed out that his decisions had frequently been reversed on appeal; there was little to be said in rebuttal. Some of the nation's leading legal scholars and practicing lawyers questioned his judicial skills. On top of that, Senator Roman Hruska argued in Carswell's defense that mediocrity should perhaps be represented on the court.

As the criticism built up, the Carswell opponents, particularly Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke and Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, saw a slim chance to defeat him. Continuing to stall, they subjected the loyalists to a kind of drop-by-drop water torture, engineering one-by-one announcements of new anti-Carswell Senators. Then, last month, Brooke, Bayh and others hit upon a device that they thought would allow troubled Senators to sidetrack the nomination without taking the full heat of voting against it. They proposed sending the matter back to the Judiciary Committee for further study—and there it would almost certainly die. By March 24, Republican Robert Griffin of Michigan warned Nixon that the Democrats needed to pick up only a dozen Republican defectors to carry that vote. From then on, the pro-Cars-



PRO-CARSWELL DEMONSTRATION IN TALLAHASSEE
A shattering defeat, a slugging reaction.

well Senate leaders and Administration liaison men met daily in the White House to plot strategy.

Adversely affected by the high-pressure tactics that it had employed in the Haynsworth fight, the Administration countered with subtle moves. It coaxed such influential Republicans as Delaware's John Williams and Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper, both of whom had opposed Haynsworth, to announce for Carswell three days apart in order to gain maximum publicity. The Carswell camp, including Kansas Republican Robert Dole, persuaded a majority of the Judiciary Committee Senators to announce that they did not want the nomination returned to the committee. The notion that voting for recommitment would demonstrate a lack of political courage was effectively spread.

Making the Wrong Fight

Still, the nomination's backers felt that they needed a clear indication that the President was wholly behind his nominee. The way Nixon chose to show his support left no doubt at all—but it probably did more harm than good. He contended that the real issue was whether the Senators wished "to substitute their own philosophy or their own subjective judgment for that of the one person entrusted by the Constitution with the power of appointment." Well aware of their own constitutional authority to "advise and consent" on appointments, many Senators resented the statement.

Nevertheless, by the time the recommitment roll call was held last Monday, the Administration had retrieved enough straying Republicans to win handily. The motion was defeated 52 to 44, with only eight Republicans for it. To most observers, that vote seemed the end of any serious threat to Carswell.

While the White House and its allies were concentrating on the recommitment move, Bayh and Brooke were taking

counts on the straight up-or-down vote on the nomination, scheduled for Wednesday if recommitment failed. They found that some Senators had indeed bought the concept that recommitment was a gutless way out, and preferred voting directly on confirmation. Among them were Oregon's Republican Robert Packwood, Hawaii's Republican Hiram Fong, Connecticut's Democrat Thomas Dodd. If all the other 44 anti-Carswell votes held firm and those three could be persuaded to vote no, that would close the gap to within one vote of a 48-48 tie (four legislators would be absent). Bayh was sure that Illinois Republican Charles Percy would provide that vote.

The Administration had won its battle—but it was now in danger of losing the war. "The White House had shot its wad on recommitment," Bayh explained. "They called in all their IOUs on that one. They cranked up for the wrong vote." He was confident not only of pinning down the tie vote but also of scratching out one more anti-Carswell ballot. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield agreed to call for a vote on the nomination immediately after the recommitment move lost. The motion required unanimous approval. A perplexed and wary Hruska, floor-managing the Carswell drive, objected.

The Administration strategists quickly assembled in Hruska's office right after the recommitment vote to reassess the situation. They looked at that eight-vote margin and compared notes on which pro-Carswell Senators they might lose. To their consternation, they detected the same potential slippage that Bayh and Brooke had sniffed: the possible loss of Republicans Packwood, Fong and Percy, plus Democrat Dodd. That would not be fatal, since Vice President Agnew would break the tie in the Administration's favor, but it was highly dangerous. "We knew then that we were in trouble," one strategist recalls. The White House men scanned the Democrats who had voted for recommitment, hoping that they might be able to swing one of three Southerners: Arkansas' William Fulbright, Virginia's William Spong, Tennessee's Albert Gore. Further soundings made that unlikely, and the doubts proved well founded.

What really worried Nixon's men, however, was the realization that three Republicans remained uncommitted. Maine's Margaret Chase Smith and Kentucky's Marlow Cook had been with them on recommitment; Vermont's Winston Prouty had opposed them. They knew that none of the trio was high on Carswell. But each was reluctant to cast the decisive vote that would kill their President's choice. Further, the three Republicans seemed linked. Though their motives were different (see box, page 10), they were thought to look to one another for mutual support. Dole told Nixon: "If Mrs. Smith would vote with us, maybe Cook would. Then Prouty would have to." Nixon invited Mrs. Smith to the White House for a talk

the day before the final vote. He made a low-key pitch, handling her gingerly. She was noncommittal.

By that morning, the White House was getting desperate. Liaison men under Bryce Harlow began telephoning every Republican who might waver. They tried to convince each one that he was the key to victory for Carswell: "You're the one. You make the difference." Incredibly, some, like Maryland's Charles Mathias, had been ignored until then. There was now great alarm in the White House, and the President was frantic for information. Senator Dole called Nixon Tuesday night, "How does it look?" the President asked. "Rough," said Dole. "It hinges on two Senators, Mrs. Smith and Marlow Cook."

The Boomerang Gamble

On Wednesday morning, the day of the vote, Nixon got worse news. Cook called Harlow to say that he had decided to oppose Carswell. Cook had relayed the same news to Mrs. Smith and Prouty—so that each would know the situation. Relieved that the matter would not be decided by one vote, Prouty told Cook: "It is my intention to vote no." The White House reacted recklessly. Calls went out to such Republicans as Mathias, Cook, and Pennsylvania's Richard Schweiker, reporting that the Administration had Mrs. Smith's vote.

Just 20 minutes before the roll call was to begin, Schweiker got his White House plea—and promptly told Ed Brooke. "I raced into the cloakroom to find Mrs. Smith," Brooke recalled. "She wasn't there. I raced down to the Senate dining room and found her." Mrs. Smith, livid at the unauthorized—but not inaccurate—use of her name, called Harlow, who admitted that the calls had been made. Brooke rushed onto the Senate floor and spread the word that Maggie Smith was not yet in the Administration's camp.

Though the issue seemed decided, no one could be absolutely certain that all of the votes would be delivered on the roll call. Spectators were crunched into every inch of the galleries and scores of senatorial aides crowded the floor aisles as Vice President Agnew, fumbling, announced that "the question is on the nomination of George Howard Carswell." The clerk called "Aiken," and Vermont's senior Senator immediately answered "Aye." Then bells rang throughout the Senate side of the Capitol, signaling the start of the roll call, and the chamber fell silent.

The first gasp came when Cook voted no. The gallery obviously was overwhelmingly against Carswell. Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield dramatically extended a thumbs-down gesture to the clerk when his name was called. Prouty's "No" drew scattered applause, despite rules against such expression. When Maggie Smith delivered her negative vote, apparently motivated by anger at the White House, everyone knew it was all over. Agnew's official announcement

The Bitter

It's a relief. This has been an agonizing experience for me, my family and my friends.

COMING on the heels of his rejection by the Senate for elevation to the U.S. Supreme Court, Judge G. Harrold Carswell's statement could be seen as an attempt to mask his obvious disappointment. In fact, there is every reason to believe that the statement was sincere. For Carswell, as for Judge Clement Haynesworth Jr. before him—both men who were thrust from the relative obscurity of their positions into national prominence and scrutiny—the nomination fight was a bitter trial that affected lives, family and friends.

In the first weeks after his nomination

WAYNE WILSON—LEVELTON ATLANTA



THE HAYNSWORTHS IN GREENVILLE

by Nixon to the court, Carswell, pleased by his new fame, welcomed the outside world into his well-ordered life. He opened his house to newsmen and treated them with his customary Southern affability. But then, as the opposition to his appointment grew, he reasserted a claim to privacy. Members of his family and intimates helped provide protection by setting up a 15-hour-a-day command-post type of operation to shield him from visitors and telephone callers, and telling all but his closest friends that the judge was unavailable. "He became something of a recluse," commented a friend, Malcolm Johnson. "He was a prisoner in his own home."

Normally gregarious, Carswell withdrew into a virtual state of siege. He rarely went to the court house, took no new cases, worked on old ones at home. He gave up his leisurely, chatty lunches at Angelo's, a Tallahassee restaurant. He and his wife, Virginia, who is described as acquaintances as

Trial of G. Harrold Carswell

"a cheerleader type," began to turn down many invitations to parties and dinners and limited their social engagements to bridge games with close friends. "We were not used to being in the limelight," says Carswell's daughter, Mrs. Ramsay Langston, 24. "We wondered if it was ever going to be over."

Last week about 25 friends and family members gathered in the living room of Carswell's white brick house overlooking Lake Jackson to watch a pair of television sets that brought them the news of the judge's defeat. "It was like a wake," said one woman. After the Senate vote, Tallahassee Postmaster Peyton L. Yon Sr., one of Carswell's favorite bridge partners, walked over to the judge

Mrs. Clifton Lewis, one of the city's most outspoken liberals, described his limitations: "Carswell wants everybody to be happy and grow roses and have a football ticket." Journalists at work in the state capitol press room let out a restrained cheer when the wires moved a bulletin on Carswell's defeat.

Carswell quickly announced that he would keep his seat on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Presumably he will return to the pleasant round of hunting trips, parties and football games that he pursued before Nixon's nomination made him a national figure. He has a good precedent for such a course in the conduct of other rejected nominees.

Federal Judge Homer Thornberry

AL GATTERWHITE—CAMERA 8



CARSWELL FAMILY IN TALLAHASSEE

and shook his hand. "I sure am glad we didn't lose you to Washington and glad we'll keep you in Tallahassee," he said. The Carswells accepted his consolation, then retired to their bedroom to compose themselves before driving downtown to face newsmen.

Publicly, Carswell expressed no bitterness at his rejection, but his friends did. Florida Lieutenant Governor Ray Osborne, who had organized a "Citizens for Carswell" committee, was angry. "Once again, a Southern conservative has been persecuted by the pseudo—and I emphasize pseudo—liberal who want the Supreme Court packed with their own kind," he said. Others defended Carswell against the charges of racism and mediocrity. "I've hunted with him and have never heard him express one word of racial bias even privately," said Carswell's friend, Attorney Robert Fokes. "I think he would have made a good judge," said former Florida Governor LeRoy Collins, an erstwhile Southern liberal. Others were not so sure.

of Texas, whose 1968 nomination collapsed when the Senate refused to confirm Abe Fortas as Chief Justice, accepted his fate with equanimity, returned to his Fifth Circuit Court bench, and talked jokingly of writing a book about his experience. Judge Clement Haynsworth, who suffered from conflict-of-interest charges after he was nominated, has also survived his ordeal. Declaring that "what happened last fall is dead and buried behind me," Haynsworth has resumed his intensely private way of life in Greenville, S.C., dividing his attention between his court cases and his prizewinning camellias. He has also discovered that being a Supreme Court nominee, even a failed one, has improved his social life. A cousin reports that "because of what they did to him in Washington," Haynsworth has been invited to a great many more parties and dinners than ever before. Perhaps for the same reason, he is accepting the invitations.

of the count drew shrieks, cheers, applause and a few boos. The Vice President called for order, then directed that the galleries be cleared. Mansfield rose to move that the President be informed "immediately" of the outcome. Nixon, surprisingly, was neither watching television nor listening to the radio at the big moment. An aide brought him the news. The President telephoned Carswell in Tallahassee, Fla., and told him: "I'm disappointed, but I hope you'll see fit to remain on the bench."

What really had killed the Carswell nomination? Despite Nixon's attempt to portray Carswell as the victim of reverse bigotry on the part of anti-South Senators, the rejection actually reflected a widespread conviction that Carswell simply did not measure up to the stature of men the Senators wanted to see added to the Supreme Court. Even many Southerners felt insulted that Nixon had chosen Carswell to represent them. "I'm voting for the guy," said one Southern Democratic Senator, "but it's great to see the Republicans stewing in their own juice. They made this bed." Most Southerners voted for Carswell, some who did, like Sam Ervin, an expert on the Constitution, declined to work very hard for the nomination.

The Administration's Southern Strategy

Many Republicans, too, were dismayed at the choice Nixon had given them. One who pressed most actively for confirmation began to explain how rough his task had been. "When you try to defend a mediocre racist," he said—and then he broke into laughter at how ridiculous that sounded. Maryland's Mathias thought at first that Carswell might "be getting a bum rap" from the kind of legal scholars who look down on lawyers who have not "been to Harvard," but decided to vote no after examining Carswell's record. Minority Leader Scott, influential with liberal Republicans, left most of the vote-hunting to aides.

Actually, Nixon's humiliation over two consecutive defeats was largely self-inflicted. The ease with which Warren Burger won confirmation as Chief Justice belies Administration claims that most Democrats and Republican liberals would automatically team up to block any Southern judicial conservative. At the time of the Burger appointment, Nixon said that to avoid controversy over Supreme Court nominees he would name men whose credentials were beyond challenge. He also declared that he would never use his appointment power to achieve a racial, religious or geographical balance on the court. He later not only abandoned that in favor of a sectional approach, but narrowed his criteria to select two men who appealed mainly to conservative whites.

These latter appointments were part of the Administration's Southern strategy—an attempt to appeal not only to Southerners and conservatives throughout the country, but also to the many

whites who are upset by black crime, youthful radicals, busing to integrate schools, and the "coddling" of criminals by the courts. Attorney General Mitchell effectively counseled this strategy as Nixon's presidential-campaign manager. It helped gain Nixon enough Southern states to ensure victory despite the candidacy of George Wallace.

Ever since they became law partners in 1967, Mitchell and Nixon have been fast friends and kindred spirits. It was Mitchell who gave one of the pushes that helped to force Justice Abe Fortas off the Supreme Court by advising the then Chief Justice, Earl Warren, of a financial indiscretion committed by Fortas. The resignation convinced Nixon of the danger of appointing anyone so close to himself that it would encourage charges of cronyism, as in the case of Fortas and Lyndon Johnson.

Limited Options

In setting forth his requirements after the Burger appointment—a Southerner from the federal bench, a Republican, a strict constructionist, under 60 and someone Nixon did not personally know—the President limited his options. This ruled out judges on the higher state courts, which often possess talented jurists, men from the South's best law faculties, and U.S. Senators. Even so, the President could have come up with acceptable nominees if he had not relied so completely upon—and been served so poorly by—Mitchell.

While the Attorney General undoubtedly thought that he was offering just what the President wanted, his choices were needlessly weak, as are his relations with Capitol Hill. The nuances of Capitol Hill procedures escape him. The necessity of maintaining the best possible relations with all factions is foreign to his nature. Because of his own distaste for liberals of both parties and because his ranking deputies are conservative, his communications with the Republican wing are practically nil.

Mitchell's department was just as insensitive in selecting the Supreme Court nominees. Mitchell originally assigned his deputy, Richard Kleindienst, to compile a list of some 150 potential Justices. Applying Nixon's guidelines, he reduced the list to about 30 names. Mitchell then helped prune it to just five, including Burger, Haynsworth and Carswell. He decided that Burger was best and recommended him for Chief Justice. When Fortas resigned, Mitchell asked another assistant, William Rehnquist, to study Haynsworth's legal record. Since Fortas had been tainted by his financial interests, the FBI carefully probed Haynsworth's business background. It turned up some potentially damaging financial interests of the judge—but Mitchell dismissed them as not important. The Senate later disagreed.

In Carswell's case, there were no stock complications and the investigation centered on his legal qualifications. Rehnquist reviewed all of Carswell's judicial

opinions and found nothing objectionable. But the FBI missed the white-supremacy speech and Carswell's role in the Tallahassee Golf Club. Mitchell recommended Carswell's nomination, unconcerned that there was nothing outstanding in his judicial record.

More significant, neither Mitchell nor the White House made any attempt to sound out key Senators of either party before announcing the appointments. Many conservatives admire the Attorney General, but their votes were almost automatically assured on both nominations. In the late stages of the Carswell campaign, Mitchell confidently left for a two-week vacation on Key Biscayne. Kleindienst took over—and thus he could



MARTHA MITCHELL AT HOME
Shattering all protocol.

wind up a scapegoat if the President decides that someone in the Justice Department must be blamed for bungling the Carswell matter.

Mitchell's performance in getting nominees approved has not been aided by his outspoken wife Martha. Shattering all protocol, she telephoned the wives of several Senators, including Betty Fulbright, to implore them to get their husbands to support Haynsworth. Last week, after Fulbright had voted against Carswell, she startled editors of the anti-Carswell *Arkansas Gazette* by telephoning the newspaper at about 2 a.m. to declare: "I want you to crucify Fulbright and that's that." A native of Pine Bluff, Ark., she claimed that "Mr.

Fulbright does not represent the state." Mrs. Mitchell had earlier told guests at a Women's National Press Club dinner that she had watched her husband reading background information on Carswell and that he had looked up at her, smiled broadly and declared: "He's just too good to be true." Late last week the Justice Department announced that Mitchell had hired a press secretary for Martha.

Nixon has compounded the possibility of mistakes in his court selections by insisting that he should not himself get to know the appointees. He explains that he wants to judge them objectively and keep them at arm's length so they will not feel obligated to him. Nixon has not sounded out the American Bar Association on his Supreme Court nominations, although this is routinely done for all lower federal judges.

The Senate Judiciary Committee asks for A.B.A. review after Supreme Court nominations are made. The prospects are judged either "qualified" or "not qualified." The committee has never found a nominee unqualified for the high court.

The Haynsworth and Carswell fiascoes and the possibility that more vacancies may soon develop because of the advanced age of three members of the court urgently suggest that the selection process be improved. The bar association is willing to be more helpful and might be used by the President as a warning system, though he need not be bound by its ratings. The A.B.A. itself needs to improve its review procedure, and last week its officials offered to do just that.

The Ninth Member

The indications are that Nixon will not change his selection system or his reliance on Mitchell. After last week's vote, the President took his Attorney General for a two-hour dinner cruise on the yacht *Sequoia*, met with him again the following day at the White House. They were apparently discussing not only Nixon's statement about the Senate, but also the next nomination. As photographers entered the office, Nixon was overheard saying, "You've met the other fellow?" Replied Mitchell: "Yes, I have."

Nixon said that he would make another nomination soon. It could well come in a matter of days. It is known that two Northern judges are already undergoing FBI checks. One of them, Harry Andrew Blackmun, 61, an appeals-court judge from Rochester, Minn., and a longtime friend of Chief Justice Burger, met with Mitchell last week. Blackmun was considered the likeliest choice. Also being checked is Federal District Judge Edward T. Gignoux, 53, of Portland, Me. Both are Harvard Law School graduates. Appointed to the federal bench by President Eisenhower, they are considered strict constructionists.

From the point of view of the Supreme Court's efficiency, the nomination

—and confirmation—of the ninth member cannot come too soon. The court has deferred work on numerous cases for want of manpower and because the odd, tie-breaking vote has been lacking. The seat has been vacant for eleven months. Further controversy poses another kind of risk. Though the court has never been as far removed from politics as idealists would like it to be, it depends heavily on political processes and its prestige and moral force to work its will. Its funds come from Congress. Muscle to compel compliance with court decisions comes from the Executive Branch. On highly charged issues, the court's real power can be measured by the degree of esteem in which it is held by society at any given moment.

Attacks on the court, particularly by Wallace and Nixon during the 1968 campaign, lowered that esteem. To be caught in a continuing election-year crossfire can only make its position more vulnerable. A number of conservatives have been talking about impeaching William O. Douglas for ideas that many regard as radical. Though impeachment is a congressional prerogative, Agnew in the CBS interview last week tied the rejection of Carswell and Haynsworth to Douglas' fitness. He suggested that "we take a look" at Douglas' views and then "see whether they are compatible with the position he holds."

Those remarks, coupled with Agnew's attempt to blame the Senate votes on "the liberal media" and "organized labor and civil rights activists," have an ominous ring, just as the President's statement does. The words not only may foreshadow a more abrasive campaign this year than might otherwise have been expected, but represent a failure by progressive elements within the Administration to hold ground against the steadily growing influence of what might be called the Mitchell-Agnew axis.

Increasingly, the President seems isolated from other schools of thought and other individuals once close to him. HEW Secretary Robert Finch has been battered in the racial dispute. Liberals and moderates on the White House staff, such as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Leonard Garment and William Safire, are slipping. In retreat with them is the notion that the Administration must conciliate, must seek new ways to retrieve the disillusioned and the disinterested.

The entire Haynsworth-Carswell episode—from the nominations through Nixon's angry protests—underscores that failure of leadership. Instead of accepting the Senate's rebuke gracefully in the realization that he may have needlessly contributed to the impasse, Nixon reverted to mundane politics, trying to coax partisan advantage from adversity. The times obviously demand much more than that. The nation's embattled institutions, including the Supreme Court, the Congress and the presidency, need to gain all the respect they can muster. The Senate recognized that need last week; the President did not.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Triumph for Brandt

Since his election last year as Chancellor of West Germany, ruggedly handsome Willy Brandt has been hailed as one of Western Europe's most charismatic and skillful statesmen. Last week he lived up to his reputation. The long-time Socialist mayor of West Berlin flew into Washington for two days of talks with President Nixon and made a persuasive case for continued U.S. support of his efforts to ease cold-war tensions. He also assured himself of a role in any further discussions about the future of the Continent.

Brandt spent the early part of the



BRANDT AT CAMP DAVID
Starting from realities.

week inspecting West German troops training with U.S. forces in Texas. Tanned by the Texas sun and rested after 2½ days in the seclusion of Camp David, Brandt alighted from a blue Mercedes with his attractive Norwegian wife Rut, to be greeted on the White House lawn by President Nixon. Cannons boomed out a 16-gun salute, and the red-jacketed Marine band struck up the traditional *Deutschlandlied*. The Brandts were also feted at a gala White House dinner and entertained by the redoubtable Pearl Bailey. To the tune of *Hello, Dolly*, Miss Bailey belted out "Hello, Richard" in honor of the evening's host, added a chorus of "Hello, Willy" in honor of the guest.

But Brandt's visit was more than pomp and ceremony. Pressure has been building in the budget-conscious Senate for further reductions in the present 310,000-man level of U.S. troops in Europe. Brandt was concerned that premature troop cuts might undermine his efforts to negotiate a mutual force reduction with the Warsaw Pact nations. Speaking before the National Press Club, he argued that the efficiency of the NATO alliance depended upon a continued U.S. military presence on the European Continent. Said Brandt, in his excellent, lightly accented English: "There is no security for Europe without the United States."

On this question, Nixon and Brandt see eye to eye. Despite the pressure for reductions, the President has already agreed to maintain existing troop levels in Europe at least through mid-1971. Last week he took special pains to lay to rest Brandt's chief worry about his U.S. visit—that he would return home with, in his words, "less G.I.s and more money to pay." At Camp David, Nixon's adviser for national-security affairs, Dr. Henry Kissinger, assured the Chancellor that the U.S. would make no further reductions until after a review of NATO strategy, due to be completed in May, established what troops were needed.

Ostpolitik. With this thorny issue out of the way, Brandt and Nixon held two meetings at which each had a chance to take the other's measure. Both were impressed with what they saw. Nixon brought Brandt up to date on U.S. efforts in Asia and the Middle East. Brandt briefed Nixon on his *Ostpolitik*, or Eastern policy, and later gave newsmen a concise explanation of the rationale behind his attempts to improve relations with Eastern Europe. "Just as NATO is a reality, as West Berlin with its relationships with the Federal Republic is a reality," said Brandt, "so is the Warsaw Pact, so are the two states in Germany, so are the frontiers of Poland. We have to start from these realities if we want to improve relations with the Soviet Union, seek reconciliation with the Polish people, and mitigate the distressing division of our country." Nixon and Brandt also discussed Britain's impending entry into the Common Market and the impact of an enlarged European Economic Community on U.S. interests; the Chancellor was receptive to the idea of an outward-looking European union.

Though no major agreements were reached during the discussions, no major differences developed, either, and Brandt in particular had good cause to be pleased. He had come to Washington to impress upon both Nixon and Congress the necessity of greater cooperation between the U.S. and Germany. As he left Washington to view the Apollo 13 launching at Cape Kennedy, with Administration assurances still ringing in his ears, he had good reason to believe that he had succeeded.

RACES

Ain't Nobody

Gonna Touch King Claude

In his three years as Governor of Florida, rambunctious Republican Claude Kirk Jr. has made an antic art of what he calls "confrontation politics." Kirk frankly describes himself as a "tree-shakin' son of a bitch," and he has proved it repeatedly in headline-grabbing performances that range from the 1967 Jacksonville rally, at which he faced down Black Nationalist Rap Brown, to his performance last January on the steps of the U.S. Supreme Court, where he appeared waving a petition against recent desegregation rulings.

Last week Kirk put on his most spectacular tree-shaking performance ever. Within six furious days, the Governor (1) "overturned" a court decision on

idential nomination and disclosures that much of Kirk's high living was bankrolled by contributions to his "Governor's Club." Last week, when Manatee school officials prepared to increase busing among the county's 17,000 students in order to meet a federal judge's April 6 deadline for improving the racial balance in elementary and junior high schools, Kirk decided to make good on his threat to suspend state school boards that complied with federal busing orders. Taking the law into his own hands, he impiously declared that "forced busing is illegal in Florida."

In his DC-3, Kirk flew from Tallahassee to Bradenton, where he and a handful of aides set themselves up in the two-story brick school headquarters as Manatee's new board of education—not just for the day, but for "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

turn to Bradenton—but not before giving an impromptu press conference in a corridor of the Tallahassee Memorial Hospital, where his German-born second wife Erika was giving birth to a son, their second child. Defending his stand, Kirk demanded "my day in court"—but not just any court. "I want to be in the Supreme Court on Friday or Saturday or Monday to get law on the subject of busing," he said. Alluding to President Nixon's recent speech recommending local options in carrying out desegregation (TIME, April 6), he declared that "the President of the United States is against forced busing and I'm against forced busing." As for the marshals, Kirk jeered: "Ain't nobody gonna lay a hand on Claude Jr. Anybody who lays a glove on a sovereign is committing an illegal act. There is nobody who can bodily force the head of a sovereign state into court."

His harangue ended, King Claude flew back to Bradenton, where he arrived at the administration building at 4:30 p.m. in the triumphant company of 70 Florida lawmen. He repeated his demand for a Supreme Court hearing, warning this time that the situation threatened "grave danger of loss of life." Later, marshals were allowed to enter the building to serve subpoenas on nine of his men. A few hours after that performance, Kirk, his aides, his troopers and his plainclothesmen all deserted the place and there was little likelihood that they would be coming back. Fed up with the Governor's grandstanding, Judge Krentzman formally cited Kirk for contempt and told him to get out of the way of the busing plan or face fines of \$10,000 a day.

Open Season. As Kirk's wild week came to a close, even many Floridians who agreed with his stand on busing wondered about the rationality of his tactics. Observing that "megalomania has no place in a statehouse," the Miami Herald called for the Governor to be removed from office as unfit to serve.

By his own lights, of course, Kirk was shrewdly playing on the ambiguities in the Administration's policy on desegregation. In defying the courts, he claimed to be acting in the spirit of Nixon's March 24 statement—and who was to say he was not? Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch last week sought to "clarify" the President's position by insisting that there would be "no backward motion" in integration, and he predicted that the number of black students in classes with whites (now 1,200,000) would double next fall. Yet even as Finch spoke, the Department of Justice filed a "friend-of-the-court" brief in a North Carolina desegregation case, suggesting that a federal judge had committed "an abuse of discretion" in ordering busing to achieve desegregation in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. That kind of undercutting of the federal courts could make it open season for would-be tree shakers all over the South.



KIRK WITH PLAINCLOTHESMEN AT MANATEE SCHOOL HEADQUARTERS
Master of an antic art.

school busing by unilaterally declaring it "a horrible illegal act," 2) twice dismissed the duly elected school board of sleepy Manatee County on Florida's Gulf Coast, 3) ignored federal court orders to answer contempt charges, 4) ordered his men to resist federal marshals "with force," 5) installed himself as Manatee school superintendent, and 6) made a direct and lofty appeal for justice to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Governor's Club. The cause of Kirk's Samsonian ire was the Supreme Court's January order directing "immediate" desegregation in a number of school districts in Florida and four other Southern states. Although he is almost a liberal (by Florida standards) on racial matters, Kirk also knows an issue when he sees one. His volatile but futile protests had been doing wonders for his local political standing, which had sunk to a low ebb after his bumbling attempt to win the 1968 G.O.P. vice-pres-

After the Governor failed to show up in court to answer possible contempt charges, Federal Judge Ben Krentzman fired Superintendent Kirk, reinstated the local school board and reaffirmed his busing order. Kirk thereupon fired the local school board all over again, and sent a team of aides to take over the Bradenton school headquarters. The U.S. Attorney in Tampa responded by dispatching an assistant and three federal marshals to Bradenton. When they reached the school headquarters, they were met by a local sheriff and six deputies. After several tense moments of badge-to-badge confrontation, Kirk's aides locked themselves in an empty office. A dozen state troopers arrived to back up the deputies, and the Feds retreated to a local Howard Johnson restaurant, where they lamey claimed to have technically "arrested" Kirk's men.

Outraged that anyone would dare arrest his minions, Kirk decided to re-

THE KENNEDYS

End of the Affair

As untidily and unsatisfactorily as it began, the legal inquiry into the incident at Chappaquiddick came to an abrupt end last week. After a few hours of fruitless probing, a grand jury appointed to investigate the death last July of Mary Jo Kopechne adjourned in frustration without clarifying any of the mystery that still surrounds her death.

The grand jury, sitting in Edgartown, Mass., began its work with high hopes. Foreman Leslie Leland, a Vineyard Haven druggist, pledged a complete and independent investigation; many jurors were apparently in an indicting mood. Their ambitions were quickly dashed by State Superior Court Justice Wilfred Paquet, 67, a no-nonsense jurist with a reputation for running a tight courtroom. Somewhat Churchillian of mien and manner, Paquet swore the jurors to secrecy, warning them that their lips were "sealed not for a month, not for a year, but forever." He also narrowed the scope of their investigation by informing them that they could consider only those matters brought to their attention by the superior court, the district attorney or their own personal knowledge.

Paquet's charge left the grand jury with few options. Only three charges were possible against Senator Edward Kennedy: manslaughter, perjury or "driving to endanger," a traffic offense that is generally combined with other charges, notably drunken driving. Citing a ruling by the state's Supreme Judicial Court, the judge denied the jurors' request for a look at the transcript of the January inquest into the accident. District Attorney Edmund Dinis, who had access to both the transcript and the report on the proceedings by Presiding Justice James Boyle, told the jurors there was not enough evidence to indict Kennedy on any of the charges. The jurors themselves made no move to call anyone involved in the events surrounding the accident; four new witnesses, who testified for less than 20 minutes in all, provided nothing useful in the way of evidence.

Case Closed. With that, the grand jury gave up. Accompanied by a sheriff in formal dress, the ten men and ten women assembled glumly before Judge Paquet in Martha's Vineyard's 112-year-old courthouse. The judge asked Foreman Leland if the jury had any presentations to make. "I have nothing to present," said Leland quietly. "Not you," snapped Paquet. "Does the grand jury have anything to present?" Startled, Leland said that the answer for the grand jury was the same. His reply came as a relief to Dinis, who has become an increasingly reluctant participant in the drama involving Massachusetts' most powerful political family. "The case is closed," he said.

The doubts remain. Several grand ju-



JUSTICE PAQUET

The jury had nothing to present.

rors believed that Kennedy should have been brought before a court to answer for events that they still find inadequately explained. Many were disappointed at their inability to return an indictment against him. "Most of us felt Kennedy was morally responsible for the death of that girl," said one woman juror, ignoring Paquet's warning about sealed lips. Said a male juror: "I don't believe this will ever be resolved as far as some people are concerned."

The case is resolved, however, as far



SHERMAN SKOLNICK

Only the archives can tell.

as the courts are concerned. Dinis' statement that no further action is planned clears the way for the release of the inquest transcript and Justice Boyle's report. All that stood in the way of the release was resolution of the kind of dispute that typifies courthouse politics in Massachusetts. Freelance Court Stenographer Sidney Lipman, following a well-established Bay State practice, made arrangements to offer the 764-page transcript for sale at \$1.05 a page, or \$802.20 a copy. He has sued to halt its publication by the court at the bargain-base price of \$75 a copy. Rejecting his suit, the state has gone ahead with its plans to release the inquest documents this week. Few expect the transcript to produce any surprises or further clues to what really happened at and after the tragic party for the boiler-room girls.

Another Death Plot?

That conspiratorial army of would-be historians who specialize in the assassination of John Kennedy may have a brand-new plot to play with. In Chicago last week, Legal Researcher Sherman H. Skolnick filed suit in federal district court against the National Archives and Records Service to release certain documents. He contended that the archives had unlawfully squirreled away the details of a hitherto unknown plot or plots to kill J.F.K. at the Nov. 2, 1963, Army-Air Force game in Chicago, 20 days before his assassination by Lee Harvey Oswald.

Quixotic as his quest may sound, Skolnick, who is a paraplegic, is not a man to be taken lightly. He is a well-known courtroom gadfly with a penchant for legal battles, and he played a key role in getting two Illinois Supreme Court judges to resign amid charges of conflict of interest brought by him (TIME, Aug. 29). Thus it was not surprising that people with information about the alleged plot sought him out to help make their case; among the informants is a former Secret Service agent.

As Skolnick tells it, the Chicago assassination plot involved a supposed accomplice of Oswald's by the name of Thomas Arthur Vallee and three or four other men whose identities are uncertain. Their plan to kill the President had to be abandoned when Vallee, a lithographer, was picked up by Chicago police on a minor traffic violation on the day of the game. After spotting a hunting knife on the front seat of his car, the cops looked further and found a rifle. Vallee was put on probation for concealing a weapon; for the traffic violation he drew a \$5 fine, which was suspended. He has since disappeared, as has the photograph that should be attached to his arrest card.

Skolnick firmly believes that Oswald was somehow involved in Vallee's alleged plot. In an effort to prove it, he wants to see certain documents that the Warren Commission considered in

making its report and then turned over to the archives, where they are to be kept secret for 75 years. Skolnick argues that the archives can prove that the 1962 Ford Falcon driven by Vallee was—as he believes—linked to Oswald in some way or even registered in his name. Skolnick also maintains that the archives have Government documents showing that Klein's Sporting Goods Co., of Chicago had no receipt for the gun allegedly sent to Oswald—an allegation that raises the possibility that the weapon actually came from some other source.

The Justice Department, however, has responded to Skolnick's suit with a "No comment," and National Archivist Marion Johnson claims that he has "seen no evidence in the records connecting Vallee to an assassination attempt." The Government has 60 days in which to answer the suit.

ees but have the power to halt the railroads. Last week, as the end of the moratorium approached and no agreement had been reached between railroad management and the workers, Congress reluctantly turned to an unusual solution. By legislative action, it imposed what would be the terms of the unions' next two-year contract—an action that some labor experts thought might face a constitutional challenge. The terms, which provided a 68¢-an-hour wage increase for 48,000 shop-craft workers who now make \$3.60 an hour, were the same as the ones that the railroads and negotiators for four rail unions had agreed upon last December. At that time, the rank and file of the sheet-metal workers, the smallest of four rail unions, balked, principally because of an anti-featherbedding clause that would have allowed other rail employees to perform "incidental work."

"wisp of smoke" and threatened another one if Washington did not increase the ante. The Administration may have trouble enough just paying for the current raise, which will cost \$2.5 billion a year. Congress has made it clear that it will not pick up the President's suggestion that first-class postage rates be raised from 6¢ to 10¢.

Almost lost in the maneuvering on the postal-pay question was the latest flurry of congressional action on Nixon's once-vaunted plan to modernize the mail system by making it a non-political, Government-owned corporation. Several junior members of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee made a last-gasp effort on behalf of the concept by pushing through a bill embodying the original Nixon proposals. Politically, however, the bill was dead on arrival. Many powerful Congressmen have been opposed all along to corporate reform of the postal system, and they have the votes to defeat any such measure.

Second Installment. The White House has now placed its hope for postal reform on a more modest Senate bill sponsored by Wyoming's McGee and Hawaii's Hiram Fong. The McGee-Fong bill, among other things, would retain a Senate-approved Postmaster General but would give Congress' cherished power of setting postal rates to a new, semi-autonomous board of commissioners. Though the slowly progressing bill is now in its eleventh version, Congress will be under strong pressure to pass some legislation before long. Almost certain to be attached to it is another 8% postal pay increase, which is the second installment of the Administration's agreement with the postal unions.

AGENCIES

Up Against the Wall, FDA!

Nader's Raiders struck again last week. This time their target was the Federal Food and Drug Administration, which they tore apart in what may well be the most devastating critique of a U.S. Government agency ever issued.

The attack took the form of a 293-page report called *The Chemical Feast*. It was based on a two-year study of the FDA by Consumer Watchdog Ralph Nader and 20 student volunteers, most of them specialists in medicine and law. Their report accused the agency of conspiring with the food industry to defraud consumers and even to endanger their health; FDA regulations, they argued, read like a catalogue of favors to special interests. Specifically, the agency was accused of allowing the sale of "enriched white flour" that is actually stripped of most nutrients, of permitting meat packers to increase the fat content at the expense of protein content in frankfurters and other foods, of letting major manufacturers saturate supermarkets with such heavily advertised "unfoods" as "near-zero nutrition



UNION LEADER GUS JOHNSON ADDRESSING NEW YORK LETTER CARRIERS
A potentially expensive wisp of smoke.

LABOR

Starving Off the Strikes

The dilatory 91st Congress stands a good chance of surpassing Harry Truman's "do nothing" 80th as a model of legislative nonactivity. Faced with the possibility of several nation-crippling strikes, however, both House and Senate last week proved that they could overcome inertia and act with dispatch. While an illegal strike by "sick" air controllers entered its third week and wild-calling Teamsters threatened chaos on the highways, Congress moved quickly to head off further trouble with the railroad and postal unions.

What forced action on the railroad crisis was the end of the 37-day moratorium that Congress had approved in March to block a strike threat by 6,000 intransigent sheet-metal workers—who constitute only 1% of all rail employ-

ees in areas normally assigned to the metal workers. That provision remains in the terms imposed by Congress. Though sheet-metal men expressed displeasure, the expectations are that the new contract will stick.

Dead on Arrival. On the postal front, Congress also moved quickly to make good on the promises that the Administration had made to end the illegal eight-day postal strike. Both the House and the Senate overwhelmingly passed legislation, which President Nixon is expected to sign this week, providing a 6% pay increase for 5,300,000 federal employees. The increase would include the nation's 725,000 postal workers, who stand to get annual pay hikes ranging from \$371 to \$507 a year. Even that did not please everyone. Gustave Johnson, leader of the letter carriers' Manhattan Branch 36, which began last month's strike, called the settlement a

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CONSUMER WATCHDOG NADER

Critique of a catalogue of favors.
snacks, chemically doused bakery goods and soft drinks."

Although the report gives some grudging credit to HEW Secretary Robert Finch for his banning of cyclamates, it takes the position that the additive should never have been permitted in the first place, and notes that studies of its potentially harmful effects had been available to the FDA for nearly 20 years. As an example of the FDA's cozy relationship with the food industry, the report cites an agency order that allowed soft-drink bottlers to exclude the listing of caffeine from the number of ingredients that had been added to their beverages.

Long-winded as well as angry in tone, the report occasionally strikes out with rhetorical inaccuracy—as when it seems to put most of the blame on the FDA for the fact that the American infant-mortality rate, once fifth lowest in the world, is now 13th lowest. But many of its points are soundly made. While placing a large share of the blame on practices of the food industry, Nader's Raiders hit hard at the FDA for frittering away its limited resources on relatively harmless quacks while letting major corporations go virtually unregulated. They note that the agency has only two men enforcing the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1967, whereas proper enforcement could save consumers between \$1 billion and \$10 billion annually. They also suggest that the FDA do more of its own studies on food additives instead of relying on reports compiled by industry-dependent scientists.

Well aware of the report's general contents for several weeks, the FDA made a swift response. Just two days after its release, the agency announced plans to revoke thousands of food additives previously declared safe under its old sanctioning procedures.

POLITICS

Time for Sargent?

I've been in Government, I've been a businessman, a journalist. I'm a lawyer—and I'm unemployed. What does an unemployed guy with these qualifications do?

Sargent Shriver was speaking rhetorically when he posed that question last week to a group of college students in the town of Westminster, his Maryland birthplace. Still, he was obviously pleased when someone in the crowd shouted: "Run for Governor!" Back home after two years in Paris as the U.S. ambassador there, Shriver thus began a month or so of political soul-testing before deciding whether to run for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in the September primary. Off the campuses, however, the mod-suited, conventionally handsome Kennedy in-law may find the Maryland soil somewhat difficult to till.

Shriver has long wanted a shot at elective office, and he must establish some kind of a track record soon if he is to claim serious consideration for national office in 1972. For years, his problem has been not so much what to run for as where. In Illinois, where he managed Joe Kennedy's Merchandise Mart and courted his daughter Eunice, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley has frustrated Shriver's political ambitions more than once. In 1968, Hubert Humphrey wanted Shriver for his running mate, but he dropped the idea when the Kennedy family proved unenthusiastic. Shriver's in-laws—Ethel, among them—were even cooler when he more recently thought of running for Bobby Kennedy's old Senate seat in New York.

That left Maryland. There, Shriver

can count on Kennedy family support, but he also carries some troublesome political liabilities. Although the Shrivvers have again leased Timberlawn, the 30-acre country estate in Montgomery County that they rented during Sarge's Washington days, he nonetheless faces charges of being a carpetbagger. A more serious obstacle is the fact that to run for the statehouse, Shriver must first knock off Incumbent Marvin Mandel, a fellow Democrat and the first Jewish Governor in Maryland history. Last January, the legislature chose Mandel, the longtime speaker of the House of Delegates, to fill out Spiro Agnew's term. Because Democrats enjoy an overwhelming 21-to-1 registration edge in Maryland, Mandel looks sure to win the November election—if Shriver stays out.

Bitter Standoff. If Shriver enters the primary, however, the result might be a bitter standoff that could make a winner of the dark-horse candidate, Demagogue George Mahoney ("Your Home Is Your Castle—Protect It"). Mahoney won the 1966 primary in just such a standoff: as the Democratic candidate, he scared moderate Marylanders into voting for Agnew, then a virtual unknown.

Shriver has other problems too. Although pipe-sucking Mandel looks somewhat mossy in comparison with his ebullient rival and is taking speaking lessons to improve a lame oratorical style, he does remain well ahead in the polls. He also has a \$550,000 campaign chest that Shriver, who is not wealthy, cannot match without money from the Kennedys or other generous contributors. Nonetheless, there is no sign that the old Peace Corps and OEO boss will back out. Last week camera crews were busy in Union Mills, Md., filming scenes of the old Shriver family gristmill for a campaign documentary.



SHRIVER & MANDEL AT STATE CAPITOL IN ANNAPOLIS
The problem was not so much what to run for as where.

THE WORLD



VIENNA'S BELVEDERE PALACE AT NIGHT

ANI

SALT: The Race to Halt the Arms Race

AMID the baroque splendors of Vienna's Belvedere Palace, U.S. and Soviet negotiators this week will open the long-awaited Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). They are possibly the most vital negotiations between the two superpowers since Yalta; London's Institute for Strategic Studies last week called them "the most important arms conference in history." At their initial get-together, the delegates will move at a leisurely pace that seems entirely appropriate to a conference that may well continue for several years. In rooms graced by red marble columns and canopies of voluptuous nudes, they will exchange formal greetings and sample champagne and canapés. Despite the casual air, however, the delegates realize that they will have little time to waste. Unless the two nations move quickly they may very well miss an opportunity to prevent the nuclear arms race from taking a quantum leap.

No Return. The outlook is far from optimistic. Both the U.S. and Russia are conducting advanced tests of the next generation of nuclear weaponry, particularly the missile system known as MIRV (multiple individually targetable re-entry vehicles). Since each MIRVed rocket is capable of carrying a number of warheads, and each warhead is capable of being delivered to a separate target, the system vastly increases the destructive power of an individual missile. Some experts believe that the point of no return has already been reached in the eventual deployment of MIRVs. Even if the SALT negotiators were to agree quickly on a ban against their deployment, the problems of policing such an agreement would be enormous. Once multiple warheads are installed on missiles, there is no currently known way of detecting them short of on-site inspection, a procedure that the Russians have consistently vetoed.

The delegations will be led by the same men who chaired the lead-up

talks in Helsinki. They are Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semionov, 58, the No. 3 man in the Kremlin Foreign Office, and Gerard C. Smith, 55, a Republican attorney who served as the State Department's special assistant for atomic affairs in the Eisenhower era. The two men reportedly developed a cordial, businesslike relationship during the five-week preliminary negotiations in Helsinki. After the opening session, their delegations will meet alternately in the U.S. and Soviet embassies in Vienna.

Complete Review. In the four months since the Helsinki talks ended, the Nixon Administration has undertaken a complete review of its negotiating strategy at SALT. The President has not lacked advice. Last week, for example, by an overwhelming vote of 72 to 6, the Senate passed a resolution calling on the Administration to propose "an immediate mutual moratorium" of indeterminate duration on the further deployment of all strategic nuclear weapons. The moratorium would include antiballistic missiles (ABMs) and intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) as well as MIRVs. Former Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy urged the President to go even farther by ordering a unilateral stand-down in MIRV and ABM deployments for a limited period of time. Perhaps most significant of all, a 14-member committee of senior statesmen and scientists, appointed by the President, reportedly recommended that the U.S. take the initiative at the talks, possibly by proposing a temporary moratorium.

Even before the Senate resolution was adopted, Nixon dismissed it as "irrelevant." White House observers are convinced that he still leans toward the wait-and-see approach of his chief foreign affairs adviser, Henry Kissinger, who is dubious of the safety of an interim MIRV ban. Kissinger maintains that the U.S., once committed, might be trapped in an unenforceable, open-

ended moratorium by the pressures of domestic and foreign opinion. After a special two-hour pre-SALT session of the National Security Council last week, Nixon noted that his eventual decision will prove "tremendously important" to the security of "hundreds of millions of Americans and Russians."

The Soviets, for their part, seemed to show little hope that negotiators can keep the MIRV genie in the bottle. In USA magazine, a Russian-language monthly, International Affairs Writer Anatoly Klebennikov argued recently that "the further stage of the arms race has already been determined" by Nixon's missile policy. He did speculate, however, that the U.S. might be continuing to develop its multiple-warhead weapons in an attempt to gain a "favorable position" at SALT. The Kremlin, for that matter, has done exactly the same thing. Only two weeks ago, the Soviet Strategic Missile Forces completed the latest tests in the northwest Pacific on the huge SS-9 rocket, which can carry three five-megaton warheads (making them perhaps 25 times more powerful than those carried by the American Minuteman).

Rough Standoff. While MIRV development is the single most pressing issue, SALT negotiators will be discussing the whole range of strategic weapons. What makes this task so difficult is that while each nation apparently feels that it has achieved parity with the other, their arsenals differ in important ways. The Soviets, for example, have more (an estimated 1,350) and larger land-based intercontinental missile launchers than the U.S. (1,054), but America's Minutemen are more accurate. With 41 submarines carrying 16 Polaris missiles each, the U.S. has about three times as much sub-launched missile capability as Russia, though the Soviets are expected to catch up as early as 1973. The U.S. strategic bomber force outnumbers its Russian counterpart by some 500 to 150. By the most basic measurements,

the two countries have thus achieved a rough nuclear standoff in which the U.S. possesses more warheads and Russia more megatonnage.

Perhaps the most important challenge at SALT is an arrangement on anti-ballistic missiles. To a large degree, it was the appearance of that defensive system, designed to knock out enemy missiles before they reach their targets, that prompted the development of multiple warheads. MIRVed missiles, which the U.S. plans to start deploying in June, increase the chance of penetrating an enemy ABM shield. Thus, nothing would curb each side's need for MIRVs as much as an agreement that limits ABMs. The Soviet Union presently leads in the deployment of ABMs, though few experts consider its 64-silo Galosh system around Moscow a genuine threat to U.S. retaliatory power. The Russians acknowledged during the preliminary negotiations that ABMs, though defensive in function, are tied to the question of mutual deterrence and should therefore be included in SALT discussions. U.S. negotiators considered that admission an important diplomatic step.

Spokes in the Wheels. Referring to SALT in his February "State of the World" message, Nixon noted: "There is no area in which we and the Soviet Union have a greater common interest than in reaching agreement with regard to arms control." In an interview with TIME Correspondent Herman Nickele, Secretary of State William Rogers, while conceding that neither side is willing "to make any unilateral limitations based on mere hope," emphasized that "I have no reason to doubt that the Soviets are serious." Rogers added: "The futility of further competition makes the enormous costs all the more unacceptable." The vast expenditures would make things particularly difficult for the Soviets, whose economy is in such serious straits that shake-up in the Kremlin may be under way as a result (see following story).

At the same time, neither side approaches the negotiating table with any illusions. The Soviet army newspaper, *Krasnaya Zvezda*, recently accused the Pentagon of "trying to put spikes into the wheels of the Helsinki-Vienna Express." On the U.S. side, no less an advocate of arms control than McGeorge Bundy recently warned: "The Soviet purpose in negotiating with non-Communist powers is not always benign, and Soviet alertness for a one-sided advantage is proverbial."

In examining omens for SALT's prospects, pessimistic observers need look no farther than the site of this week's opening ceremonies. It was from the Belvedere Palace, now an art museum, that Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and his wife set out for Bosnia in 1914 to observe army maneuvers. They made it only as far as Sarajevo, where an assassin slew them both in the incident that touched off World War I.

That Puzzling "Politburo Plague"

THE Soviet Union commemorated International Health Day last week, but the timing could hardly have been worse. No fewer than five of the eleven full members of the Politburo were reported to be incapacitated by various ailments.

Confined to hospitals or to their homes were Premier Aleksei Kosygin, President Nikolai Podgorny, Communist Party Ideologist Mikhail Suslov, Trade Union Leader Alexander Shelepin and Deputy Premier Dmitry Polansky. Such widespread contagion within the U.S.S.R.'s ruling body—some spoke of the "Politburo plague"—revived last month's rumors of a Kremlin shake-up (TIME, March 23). It is, of course, medically possible (if statistically implausible) that all are genuinely ill, especially in view of the advanced age of some of the patients: Kosygin, Podgorny and Suslov are all over 65. But many analysts speculated that Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, lately seen to be fit and cheerful, was consolidating his position, and that some, if not all, of the disabled leaders were suffering from maladies that were more political than physiological.

Several experts in the West theorized that a decision to oust some of the top leaders has already been made, perhaps at a secret Politburo meeting rumored to have been held on or around March 30. After that date the five Politburo members were conspicuously absent from several state occasions and began canceling travel plans. According to this argument, the announcement of the ousters, which must be formally approved by the Central Committee, is being delayed until after next week's mammoth Lenin centennial celebrations. Stories

are already circulating in Moscow that a meeting of the committee for this purpose may be imminent.

Under a Blanket. Speculation about important shifts in the Kremlin was reinforced last week by the dismissal of at least four top Soviet officials in charge of ideology, propaganda and culture. Most notable was the demotion of Vladimir Stepanov from head of the powerful Agitation and Propaganda Department of the Central Committee to the ambassadorship in Peking.

Amidst the ideological trumpeting and fanfares preceding the Lenin anniversary, such a purge of the nation's top ideologists sounded a discordant note, to say the least. Some analysts saw a connection between the dismissals and the Politburo illnesses, especially since some of those fired are associated with Shelepin and all come under Suslov's authority. In a biting analogy, British Sociologist Leopold Labedz observed that "the dogs are fighting under a blanket, but all we can see is the blanket moving. We don't know which dog has his teeth in which other dog." Other specialists point out that such clean sweeps of party and government agencies in the post-Stalin era have always taken place after, not before a change in the top leadership. Still others, however, believe that the propaganda officials were punished for failures, most notably for so overselling the Lenin cele-

* Another official removed from his post was Aleksei Romanov, chairman of the State Cinematography Committee, better known as the former Soviet intelligence officer who denounced Alexander Solzhenitsyn in 1945 and was thus responsible for sending the great novelist to prison and exile for eleven years.



KOSYGIN, SUSLOV, BREZHNEV & PODGORNY IN MOSCOW (1967)
Medically possible but statistically implausible.

ebulations that they have become a bore to many Russians.

Signs of trouble in the Kremlin began mounting after Dec. 15, when Brezhnev made a secret speech to the Central Committee about the lagging Soviet economy. Since his predecessor, Nikita Khrushchev, was ousted principally because of poor economic performance, Brezhnev took care to blame economic planners and managers for the failures. To many Sovietologists, the postponement of the next Communist Party Congress from this month to an indeterminate date late in 1970 or even 1971 suggested high-level disagreements. Said Yale's Wolfgang Leibnitz: "It means either that the leaders can't agree on policies or that there's profound disarray in the Kremlin."

There was some evidence that Brezhnev was trying to shore up his power. He was the only Politburo member to review the massive army maneuvers in Byelorussia last month and was photographed with the Soviet Defense Minister, Marshal Andrei Grechko, prominently at his side. It seemed that, as party General Secretary, he was asserting his position as first among equals in the Politburo and pointing to the support he personally commands in the Soviet army. Kremlinologists were also struck by the fact that Brezhnev, on his return to Moscow from a three-day trip to Budapest last week, was met at the railway station by Grechko, Marshal Ivan Yakubovsky, Commander of the Warsaw Pact forces, and Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov. Such a turnout, which would ordinarily pass unnoticed, seemed to indicate the source of Brezhnev's present strength.

Kremlin Silence. One indication of a possible change in leadership is that the Kremlin has not moved to halt the rumors by denying them. Another way to quash the rumors would be to rouse the sick Politburo members from their beds long enough for them to gather at some official occasion. Just such an occasion was provided last week at a Kremlin party for Soviet cosmonauts. Only one of the ailing leaders felt well enough, in body or spirit, to put in an appearance. He was Shelepin, who looked pale and wan.

There is a possibility that the collective leadership is still intact and that the propaganda apparatus was reorganized because of failures on the part of specific officials rather than as part of a titanic power struggle. In spite of disagreements about who is doing what to whom, however, most specialists in the West agreed that something certainly seemed to be brewing in the Kremlin. They also agreed that a Kremlin shake-up would not mean a drastic change in the present rigid and repressive Soviet policies at home and in Eastern Europe, but simply a more vigorous application of those policies. In other words, even if there are major changes in the cast, the new players are likely to follow roughly the same script.

Indochina's Crumbling Frontiers

THE exodus of Communist diplomats began suddenly. Early in the week nearly a dozen women and children from the Soviet embassy hurriedly left Cambodia. Some North Korean aid technicians soon followed. Later, a special transport plane flew into Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport from China, and when it left, it was filled with Chinese technicians and members of Peking's big diplomatic community. At week's end, North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong announced that they were closing their Cambodian embassies. "These are the first storm warnings," a Western diplomat said. "When they be-

gin" that juts into South Viet Nam and has served as one of the most important of all Communist sanctuaries, government troops were driven from Chi Phou. That gave the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong control of five of Svay Rieng province's six districts. They already dominate much of the eastern border provinces of Kratie and Kompong Cham. Some Cambodians fear, in fact, that the Communists are determined to control all the territory east of the Mekong River, which amounts to roughly one-third of the country's real estate.

In the four weeks since Sihanouk's



VIETNAMESE VICTIMS OF CAMBODIAN MASSACRE AT PRASOT
First fruits of a hate campaign.

gin to leave, the rest of us had better watch out. It could be rocket time."

That time may be rapidly approaching. At Poi Meau, a scant 28 miles from the Cambodian capital, government troops clashed with an estimated 300 Viet Cong guerrillas. Farther east, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces, intent on protecting their sanctuaries and supply lines, fought pitched battles with Cambodian regulars. In neighboring Laos and South Viet Nam, such clashes have raged for the better part of a decade—and continued to rage last week. Now Cambodia, too, is fast becoming a full-fledged participant in the Indochina conflict. "There is no need for us to declare war," said Premier Lon Nol, the general who helped depose Prince Norodom Sihanouk as Chief of State last month. "It is already a fait accompli. This is war."

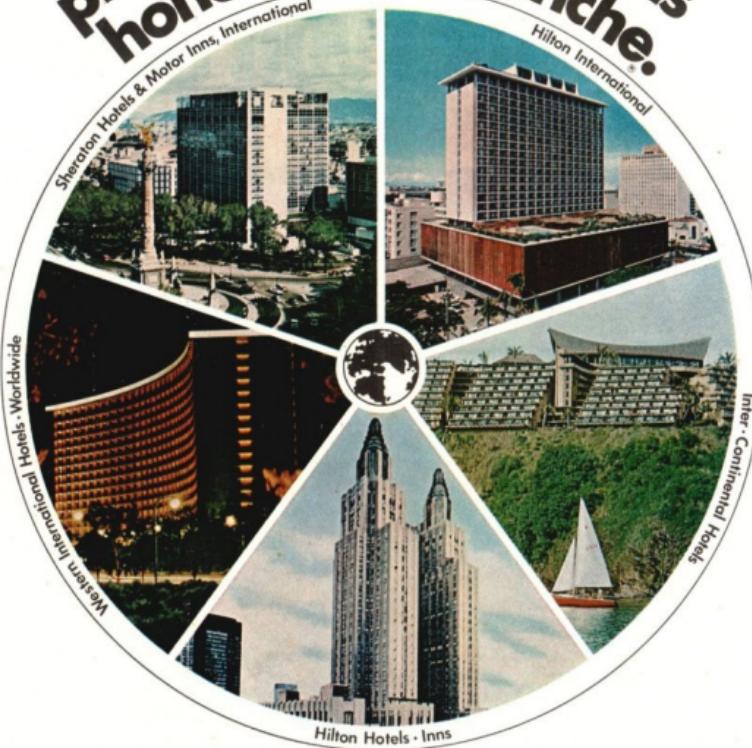
The conflict is at its height along the crumbling eastern border. In Svay Rieng province, which forms the "parrot's

beak" that juts into South Viet Nam and has served as one of the most important of all Communist sanctuaries, government troops were driven from Chi Phou. That gave the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong control of five of Svay Rieng province's six districts. They already dominate much of the eastern border provinces of Kratie and Kompong Cham. Some Cambodians fear, in fact, that the Communists are determined to control all the territory east of the Mekong River, which amounts to roughly one-third of the country's real estate.

Shredded Bodies. To mobilize popular sentiment against the Communists, the Cambodian government intensified a hate campaign against all ethnic Vietnamese, who account for 400,000 of Cambodia's nearly 7,000,000 people. To avoid being identified, many Vietnamese women abandoned their distinctive *aodai* dresses for long Cambodian skirts.

At Prasot, in Svay Rieng province, the anti-Vietnamese campaign turned into a slaughter. A large group of Viet-

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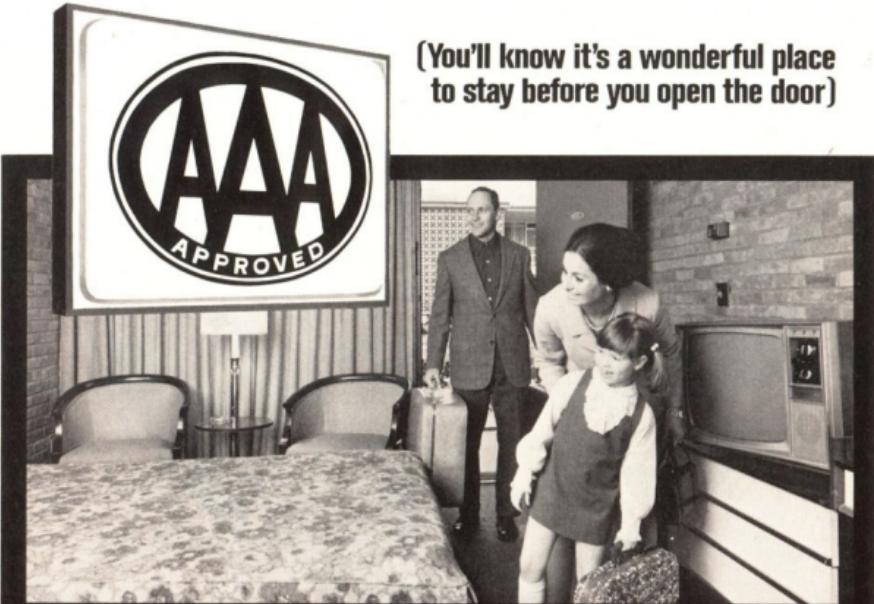
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namese civilians were penned in a compound surrounded by barbed wire, pending a check of their credentials. When Viet Cong troops began to fire, according to survivors, Cambodian soldiers began machine-gunning the prisoners. The bullets literally shredded bodies. Half of the head of a young boy was blown away; children fell at their mothers' sides; old men collapsed in crumpled heaps. Cambodian sources claimed that the victims had been caught in a crossfire between attacking Viet Cong and Cambodian troops, but the survivors told another story—and the bullet holes in the backs of the victims appeared to confirm it. Correspondents counted at least 90 corpses.

Students Train. In Phnom-Penh, patriotic fervor ran high. At a huge rally late in the week, Lon Nol called for replacement of the monarchy with a republican government. All university and lycée classes have been suspended for the last two weeks to permit students to begin military training. Throughout the city, walls are plastered with posters crudely caricaturing Sihanouk or denouncing the Vietnamese. During the frequent anti-Communist demonstrations, marchers toted placards, some proclaiming: THE VIET CONG IS WORSE THAN CHOLERA. The jingoist press approvingly quoted one student who said that he hoped "to eat a Viet Cong's guts raw," and few Cambodians seemed to doubt their country's capacity to win. "It will take about three weeks," a university professor said, "then we'll be back to our classes." Another Cambodian added: "We may not have the guns, but we have the heart. It is the heart that will win." There was no doubt in the spirit, but it seemed heavily mixed with naïveté. Cambodia's armed forces had no trouble recruiting 10,000 men to swell their ranks to 45,000 (v. some 40,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong), but the armed forces are far inferior to the Communists in equipment.

As a result, Lon Nol and Deputy Premier Prince Sirik Matak may soon be forced to request U.S. aid. American officials indicated that the request might be rejected in view of Washington's hopes of avoiding a deeper involvement in the war—unless another country steps in first with assistance. There were reports, in fact, that Cambodia is asked for help from Indonesia and that the Djakarta government might agree to serve as a conduit for U.S. supplies.

Already, assistance of a different form is coming from South Viet Nam, though officials in Saigon continue to deny it. South Vietnamese troops, F-5 jets and Skyraiders have reportedly attacked Viet Cong and North Vietnamese positions within Cambodia.

Moving North. There is some speculation that the increased pressure against the Communist supply lines in Cambodia may force them to switch their main arena of activity to the northern part of South Viet Nam, adjacent to their still-intact Laotian sanctuary. In-

deed, there was some evidence supporting this theory last week. After shelling no fewer than 115 allied targets all over the country two weeks ago, the enemy concentrated on two primary targets in the north.

At Dak Seang, a Special Forces base near the Laotian border, a South Vietnamese battalion broke a ten-day siege by fighting its way into the camp through encircling Communist troops. At week's end, the battle continued. Farther north, near the Demilitarized Zone at the 17th parallel, a Special Forces camp at Mai Loc was rocked by a 51-hr. North Vietnamese attack. By week's end 16 Americans had died in the two clashes. The latest casualty figures released in Saigon underscored the recent upsurge in combat across the country. During the week ending April 4, a total of 138

JAPAN A Mass Slaughterhouse

In the midst of the evening rush hour in Osaka, Japan's second largest city, a carload of repairmen from the municipal gas company pulled up to a subway construction site in a thronged downtown district. They were there to check reports of a leak. Minutes after they had begun work, the driver of the service car switched on his ignition again, and a sheet of flame enveloped the vehicle. As the driver struggled free of the flames, hundreds of homeward-bound pedestrians crowded into the area. As it turned out, the blazing car was only a deadly preface. Moments after it caught fire, the first in a series of massive gas explosions tore through the crowds. "When I regained conscious-



RESCUEES REMOVING VICTIMS FROM OSAKA EXPLOSION SITE
Concrete slabs were tossed about like giant dominoes.

Americans were killed in action, the highest weekly toll since last September. During the same period, 754 South Vietnamese troopers died, the highest figure in nearly two years.

In Laos, there was skirmishing around the government-held bases of Sam Thong and Long Cheng. Neither outpost seemed immediately threatened, but before long the North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao are expected either to overrun both or to render them useless.

With the crisis deepening throughout Indochina, high-ranking U.S. military leaders continued to urge that further withdrawal of U.S. troops be deferred. The U.S. force, which once numbered 435,500, has already been reduced by 115,500. Despite appeals from the military, President Nixon is expected to call for a further withdrawal of 50,000 men, at a rate of approximately 12,000 a month, when he delivers a televised report on the war to the nation this week.

ness," recalled one survivor, "I lay flat on the street about 40 ft. from where I had stood." Said another: "It was a mass slaughterhouse."

Human bodies were hurled as high as telephone poles by the blasts, and severed limbs flew through the air. Six-ft. steel-and-concrete slabs, used to cover the subway tunnels under construction below street level, were tossed about like giant dominoes, crushing some of the victims. Fire quickly spread through 30 buildings along the street. The final toll: 73 dead, 281 injured.

What makes the explosions all the more distressing is that they may have been caused by the same conditions that exist in a number of Japan's crowded, fast-growing cities. The normal method for subway construction, now under way in Tokyo and Sapporo as well as Osaka, is to excavate along street routes, then cover the tunnels with concrete-and-steel slabs. While workmen install the tracks below, vehicles can move

over the slabs. But the combination of digging, construction and traffic vibrations is frequently too much for utility lines, and cracks appear. The trapped gas that caused last week's explosions apparently came from three wide cracks later discovered at the construction site in a main 2 ft. in diameter.

At Expo '70 (see MODERN LIVING), only ten miles from the blast, the Japan Gas Association Pavilion was closed for 24 hours. The Pavilion's chief attraction is an exhibit entitled "World of Laughter."

MIDDLE EAST

The Innocent Dead

To discourage Gamal Abdel Nasser from continuing his "war of attrition," Israel has been bombing targets deep inside Egypt since the beginning of the year. Though the raids are directed at military installations, there has always been the possibility that Israeli napalm or antipersonnel bombs would cause civilian casualties. Two months ago, an Israeli pilot mistakenly hit an industrial plant at Abu Zabal, killing 80 workers. Last week another mix-up occurred. While it caused fewer deaths than at Abu Zabal, it is likely to do far greater damage to Israel's image.

Differing Versions. According to Cairo, Israeli pilots flying U.S.-built Phantom jets bombed a schoolhouse near the Nile Delta, killing 30 pupils ranging in age from six to twelve years. Israel admitted the bombings, but the two sides differed greatly in their accounts of what had happened. The Egyptians escorted foreign newsmen to a hospital to view the dead, as well as 31 wounded children. But they declined to let the reporters see the school, insisting that the road leading to it was impassable. Cairo reported that the two-year-old school, situated in a region known as Bahr el Bakr, or River of Cows, was hit by five bombs and two rockets. The Egyptian government blamed not only Israel but also the U.S. for supplying the attacking Phantoms. Said the Cairo daily *Al Akhbar*: "The war criminal is not [Israeli Defense Minister] Moshe Dayan or [Premier] Golda Meir but Richard Nixon."

Israel insisted that the bombed building was part of a military installation that included trenches and camouflaged vehicles. Officials cited news reports from Egypt that some of the students had been dressed in paramilitary uniforms at the time of the attack. "If the Egyptians involved young people in military operations or put them in the vicinity of specific military targets," said Foreign Minister Abba Eban, "then these tragic events become inevitable."

The Goldmann Affair. Despite such protests, the bombing was clearly a propaganda setback for Israel. So was the fallout from an incident that occurred earlier in the week that the Israelis called "the Goldmann Affair." Dr. Nahum Goldmann, 74, is a Polish-born Zi-

onist leader who maintains that for the sake of peace Israel ought to be a small neutralized protectorate "of the whole of mankind," including Arabs. Through political contacts outside Israel, Goldmann apparently managed to interest Nasser in a meeting to explore possible peace terms. Nasser insisted, however, that Goldmann notify the Israeli government of what he was doing. Golda Meir and her Cabinet refused to give their blessing to a man whose views about Israel are diametrically opposed to their own. The Goldmann trip to Cairo was thus aborted, and the Israeli government came under unusual criticism at home for being too hawkish and rigid.

Both developments made the prospects for peace in the area remote. The foreign ministers of both Denmark and The Netherlands and United Nations As-



WOUNDED CHILD AT EGYPTIAN HOSPITAL
Fewer casualties, but far greater damage.

sembly President Angie Brooks were all in the Middle East, vainly exploring some basis for agreement between Arabs and Israelis. At week's end, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco, the man who drew up the U.S. plan for peace between Egypt and Israel that both nations have so far rejected, arrived in Cairo. He is even less likely than the others to make any progress: Cairo is expected to lecture him on U.S. culpability for furnishing Israel with Phantoms. When Sisco reaches Israel this week, the chief topic will be the increasing Russian presence in the Middle East, particularly Egypt. "The Soviet Union," Eban told TIME Correspondent Martin Levin last week, "has not had to use any armed force, has not had to conquer any territories, has not established a Communist regime, and yet has developed a deep penetration of the eastern Mediterranean." Plainly, Sisco is unlikely to hear any fresh thoughts about a peaceful settlement from either side.

BRITAIN

The Floating Casino

This precious stone set in the silver sea, this realm, this England, is nothing more than a floating casino.

So said British Actor Wilfrid Hyde White recently, with a bow to the gaming tables and betting shops that stretch the length and breadth of the sceptered isle. Britain is Europe's gambling nation, and legalized betting may be the country's largest industry. Britain's 16,000 betting shops, 1,200 casinos and 2,000 bingo clubs employ 100,000 people and account for an estimated yearly turnover of \$5 billion. The government's slice is nearly \$250 million.

Offshore Las Vegas. Leaner times are ahead for some of Britain's gambling establishments. A year ago, the industry was placed under the jurisdiction of a 5-member national gaming board, which has moved steadily toward tougher enforcement of the law. Last week, in its first annual report, the board acknowledged a widespread feeling that "Britain was becoming Europe's offshore Las Vegas" and declared that Nevada-style gaming "would be unlikely to be tolerated." Its own policy, the board added, will be to enforce the law "with the utmost vigor and determination."

That policy has already caused some notable casualties. Last month the dust sheets went over the *chemin de fer* tables at Crockford's, which ranked as one of London's oldest and plushest gambling clubs. Founded in 1827, Crockford's was forced to close because its owners' backgrounds did not meet the rigid standards of the new gambling code. George Raft's Colony Sporting Club on Berkeley Square is also shuttered, and Raft himself has been declared *persona non grata* by the Home Office. Other closings will certainly follow; by year's end Britain's casinos may be reduced in number to only 200.

Turf Accountants. Trying to regulate gambling is a centuries-old story in Britain. Henry III ordered his clergy to forgo dicing and chess playing "on pain of durance vile," but he lost so often to his barons at those very games that he was unable to come through with all the money he had pledged for the completion of Westminster Abbey. In feudal times, incorrigible gamblers had their hands whacked off. Henry VIII, who died for the chapel bells of old St. Paul's—and lost—decreed the less painful punishment of fines in the Unlawful Games Act of 1541.

That measure was still on the books when Parliament in 1960 enacted a law legalizing all gaming and making it subject to government control. Street bookmakers were replaced by "turf accountants" licensed to handle horse and greyhound betting, which now account for more than half of the total action. Britain's biggest bookmaker is Ladbrooke's. At its five-story London headquarter

With a lot of self-restraint you can save yourself about \$100.

All you asked to see was one of those cameras that take color pictures in 60 seconds.

What the salesman is showing you is not one, but two Polaroid Land cameras.

One, under \$60. The other, under \$160.

The expensive one looks expensive.

Built into the back is an electronic development timer. It "beeps" when your picture is perfectly developed.

There's also a single-window Zeiss Ikon range-finder-viewfinder.

And a sensitive electric eye and electronic shutter that can make time exposures up to 10 seconds—automatically.

This camera even takes indoor black-and-white shots without flash.

And has four exposure ranges. Four film speed settings. A sharp triplet lens. And uses every kind of optional extra Polaroid makes. Including portrait and close-up kits.

Before you know it, you're holding the camera.

You're running your finger over the brushed chrome finish.

You have reached the moment of truth.

If you can put it down you can save yourself about \$100.



and 450 betting shops throughout the country, Britons can gamble on almost anything from elections to the date when an escaped prisoner will be recaptured.

Enter the Mafia. For the 9,000,000 Britons who play the football pools each week, the dominant force is Liverpool-based Littlewoods, which employs 8,000 persons. Since bettors have been known to reap as much as \$720,000 on a one-shilling (12¢) wager, Littlewoods even has a financial service to help winners invest their new riches. Other forms of gambling also flourish: hundreds of movie theaters have been converted to bingo parlors, and some 40,000 slot machines have sprouted in pubs, golf clubs and country inns.

Inevitably, Mafia-tinted operators started moving in. Investing in Britain's legalized gambling was an attractive way of laundering dirty money earned from illicit drugs and illegal "skimming" of U.S. gambling operations (see BUSINESS). To bring in more big rollers, the Mob began running gambling junkets from New York to London. Despite some new government regulations, the situation, according to Gaming Board Chairman Sir Stanley Raymond, was getting "out of hand." The new Gaming Act, passed in 1968 but not fully effective until this July, tightens the screws on British gambling as never before. It standardizes house rules, forbids advertising, regulates profit margins and closely scrutinizes club operators' backgrounds.

Urge to Bet. Still, it remains to be seen whether the government's crusade will be matched by a dampening of the British urge to bet on anything and everything. Some officials fear that the crackdown will have the same effect that Prohibition did in the U.S.—not only because the British like to gamble but also because betting offers one of the few ways to beat the revenue collectors. As British Anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer notes: "By the current system of taxation in Britain, quite literally the only way a person without capital can acquire a substantial sum is in a gambling win."

LATIN AMERICA The Helpless Hostages

The note relayed to the West German ambassador's residence in Guatemala City had been scribbled hastily by the ambassador himself. "Do not be afraid," wrote Count Karl von Spreti, 62, to his son Alessandro, 11. "My health is good, my heart is as stout as the *Bühl* Höhe [a well-known hill in Bavaria's Black Forest]. I am treated with respect and courtesy. I embrace you fondly, Papi." Last week, shortly after he wrote that note, the ambassador was murdered with a bullet behind the right ear.

Von Spreti was on his way to his residence when eight young members of the Rebel Armed Forces, a revolutionary group, forced him out of his Mercedes 300 at gunpoint. The Guatemalan gov-

ernment rejected a rebel demand for the release of 22 Guatemalan political prisoners and \$700,000 in exchange for the ambassador. The government refused to negotiate even after Bonn offered to pay the money. Five days after the kidnaping, Von Spreti was found dead, lying face down on the mud floor of an abandoned hut outside Guatemala City.

Von Spreti's cold-blooded murder sent a chill through the diplomatic corps in Latin America—and elsewhere. Since the beginning of 1970, eight such kidnapings or attempts have occurred in Latin America. All the victims but Von Spreti were freed, most after as many as 20 political prisoners had been released. But nobody is likely to forget Von Spreti's fate—or how U.S. Am-

erican current is running in the country it swept hard-nosed Colonel Carlos Arana Osorio into the presidency last month and he vigorously opposes further concessions to kidnapers.

Many Latin Americans suggested bitterly, however, that the government's uncompromising stand was influenced by the fact that Von Spreti was not North American. One previously exchanged revolutionary last week asked TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich in Mexico City: "Do you think the Guatemalan government would have dared to refuse the deal if it had been a Yankee ambassador?"

More than a few West Germans agreed. Acting on Bonn's request for help, Washington had the CIA contact the guerrillas, to no avail. Still, there was a feeling that more pressure should have been used by the one country in a position to use it. "Only two forces could have saved Spreti," said a West German official. "The Guatemalan government didn't want to and the American government was not inclined to."

Grisly Solution. The death of Von Spreti pushed the Washington visit of Chancellor Willy Brandt off front pages in West Germany. Foreign Minister Walter Scheel flew to Guatemala City to escort Von Spreti's body back to Germany. Germans argued over breaking relations with Guatemala and refusing to drink its coffee.

What can be done to curb the wave of kidnapings? As it is, diplomats are in danger of being thrust back into their ancient role as hostages who ensured friendships and peace. Von Spreti's murder means that no diplomat will henceforth be exchangeable. Said one U.S. official in Latin America, "After the killing of a German ambassador, Americans could never demand special treatment. We are no longer exchangeable."

Protecting diplomats completely is impossible, but host countries are boosting guards and surveillance. In Washington, the White House police force is expanding from 250 to 850 to keep watch over Embassy Row as well as the White House. Argentina has proposed a hemispheric pact that would deny political asylum to any prisoners released under pressure from kidnapers. Mexico, however, insists that it will continue granting asylum to released prisoners on the grounds that this at least saves the lives of hostages.

There are reports that Guatemala is trying to solve the problem in a grisly way. Some of the political prisoners demanded in exchange for Von Spreti are reported to have been killed in "prison riots." Some Latin Americans speculate that such disturbances will continue until all 22 are dead.

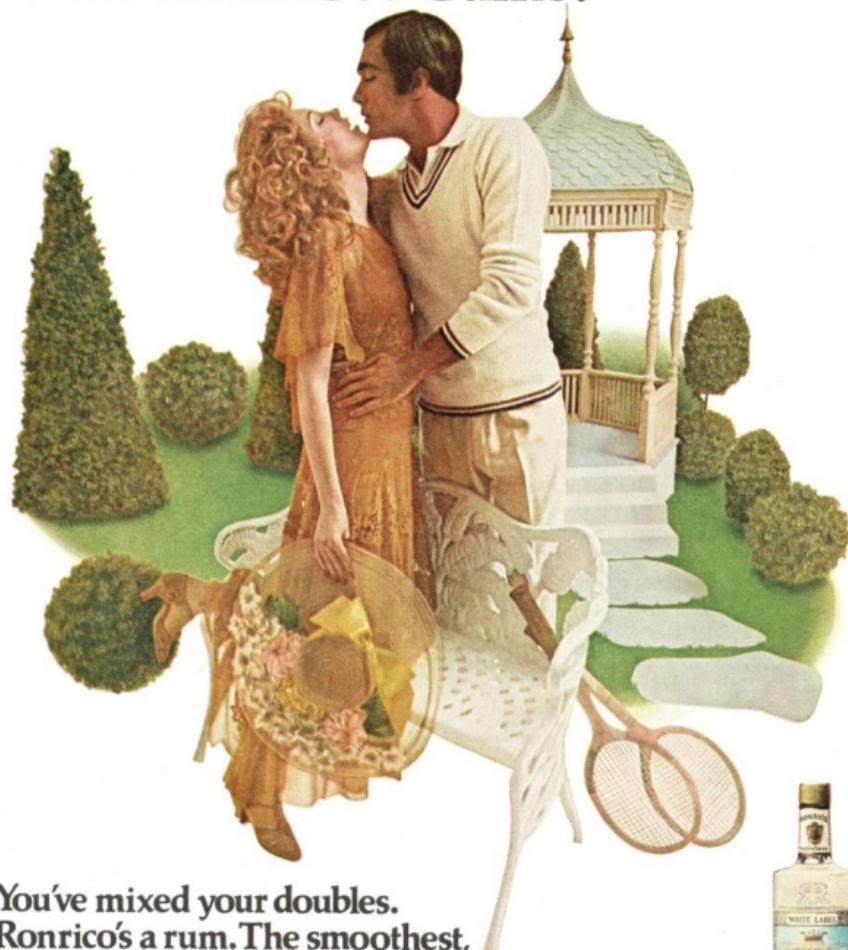


VON SPRETI'S WIDOW & COFFIN IN GUATEMALA
Would the Yankees have been refused?

bassador John Gordon Mein was gunned down on a Guatemala City street nearly two years ago as he tried to escape an ambush. Indeed, even as Guatemalans were searching for Von Spreti, U.S. Consul Curtis C. Cutter barely escaped from a similar bushwhacking in Pôrto Alegre, Brazil. When four masked men blocked his station wagon with a Volkswagen, Cutter gunned the motor and rammed his way out of the ambush. The would-be kidnapers raked Cutter's wagon with machine-gun fire, but his only injury was a bullet in the right shoulder.

Painful Questions. The death of Von Spreti raised painful questions. Why had the Guatemalan government refused to negotiate his release? It had done so for Foreign Minister Alberto Fuentes Mohr and U.S. Labor Attaché Sean M. Holly. The Von Spreti case was unfortunately complicated by Guatemala's domestic politics. A strong law-and-or-

Ron Rico. Isn't he the flamboyant tennis star who gave new meaning to the term Love Game?



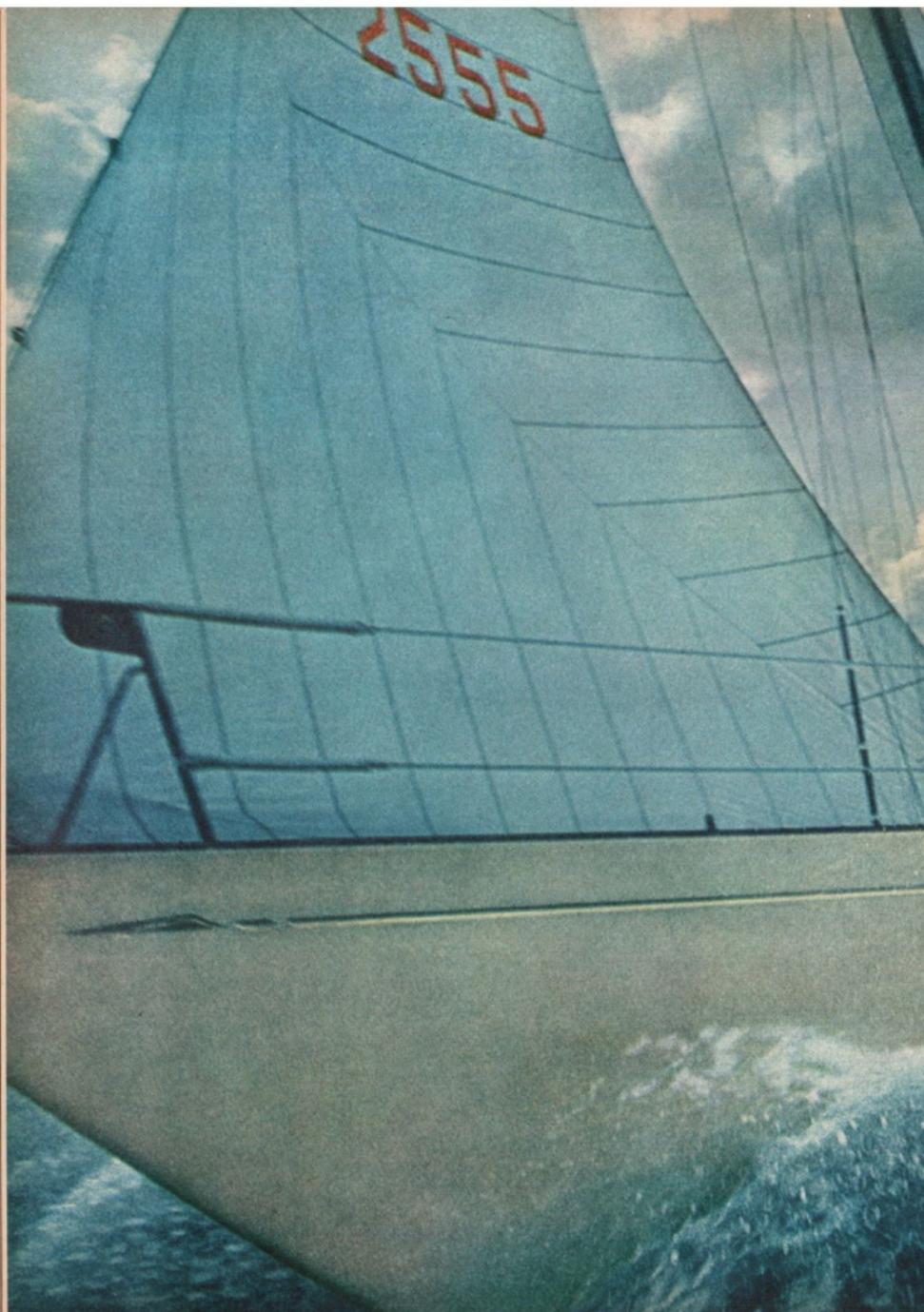
You've mixed your doubles.
Ronrico's a rum. The smoothest,
lightest, most versatile serve in 112 years.
Those who know always have a ball.

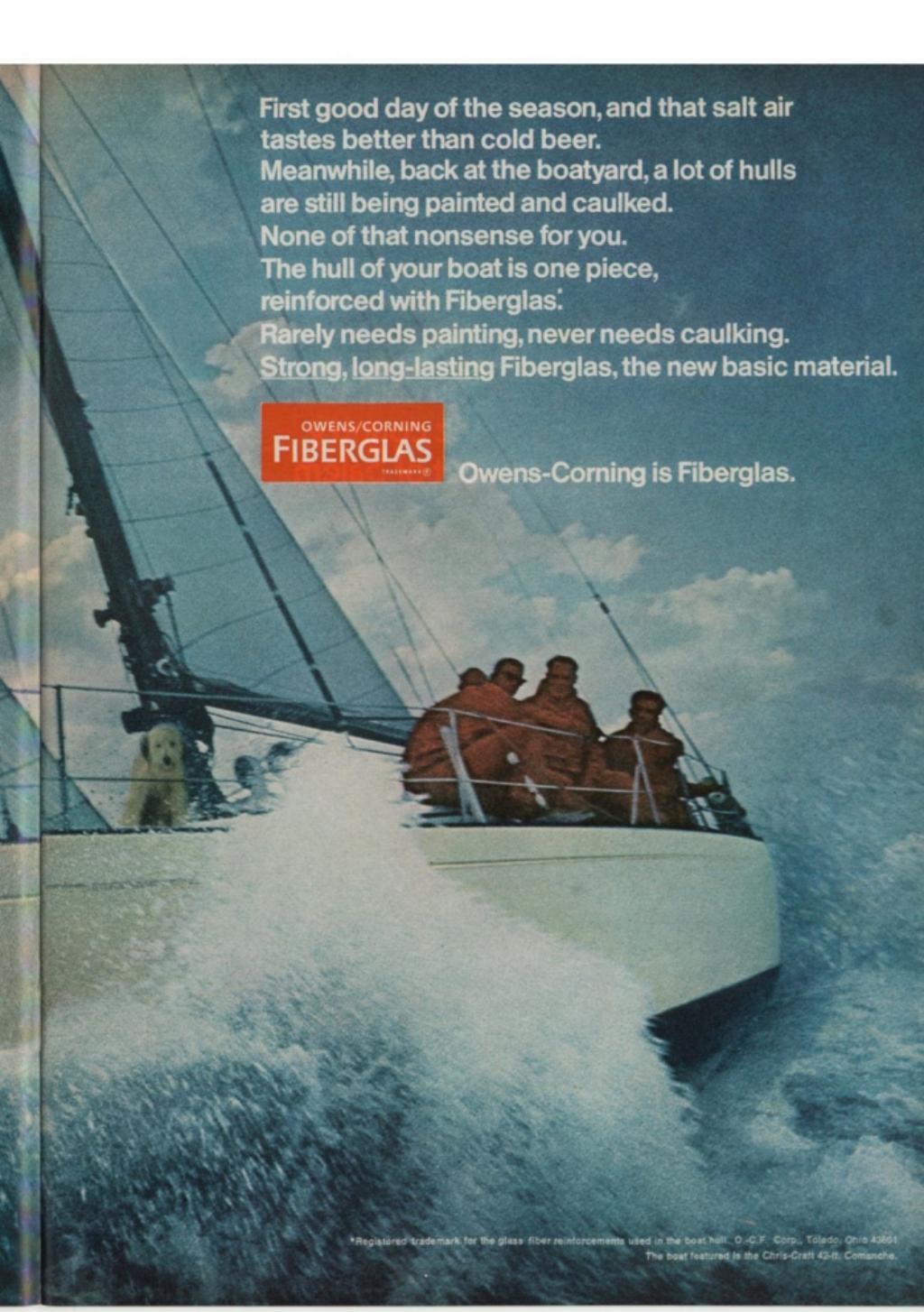
©1970 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC. 80 proof.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.



2555





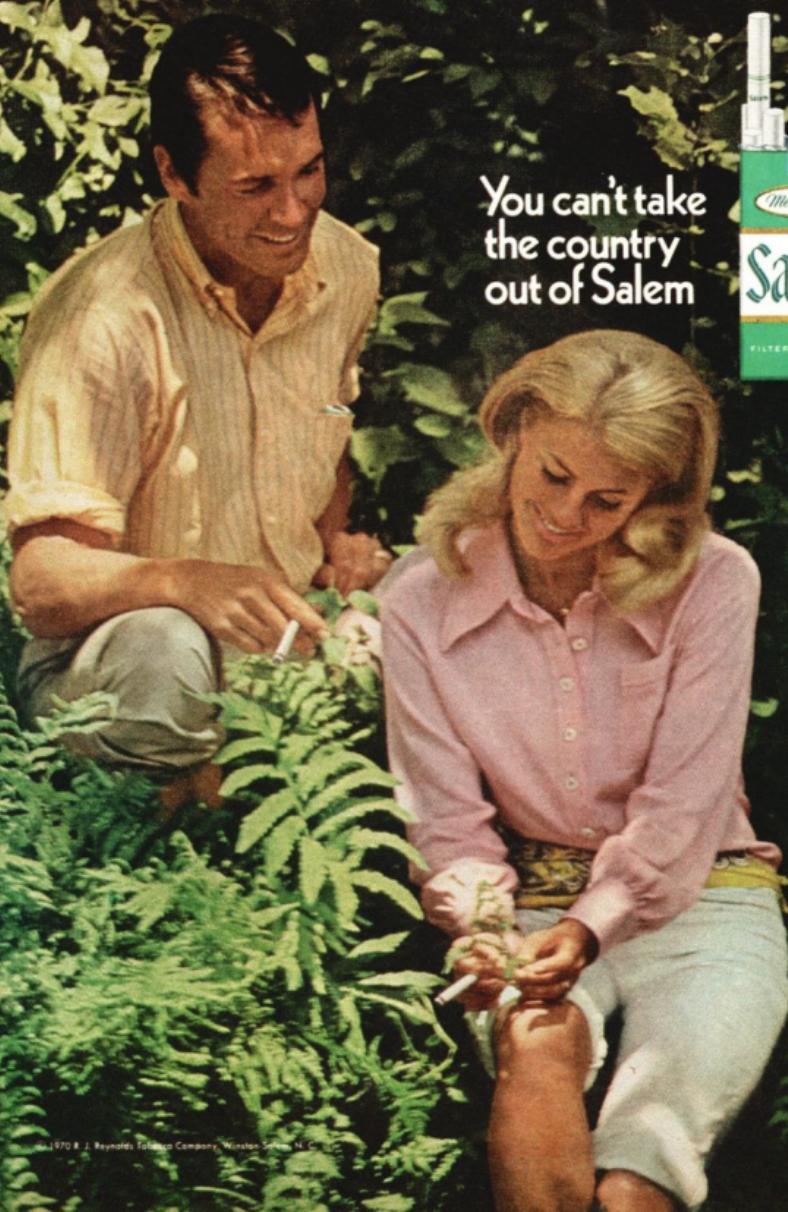
First good day of the season, and that salt air
tastes better than cold beer.
Meanwhile, back at the boatyard, a lot of hulls
are still being painted and caulked.
None of that nonsense for you.
The hull of your boat is one piece,
reinforced with Fiberglas.
Rarely needs painting, never needs caulking.
Strong, long-lasting Fiberglas, the new basic material.

OWENS/CORNING
FIBERGLAS
TRADEMARK

Owens-Corning is Fiberglas.

Guess what?

You can't take
the country
out of Salem





LESOTHO'S CHIEF JONATHAN
The yodels told of trouble.

LESOTHO

Death in the Hills

In the remoter corners of the landlocked southern African state of Lesotho, the fastest means of communication is a yell across the mountainous kingdom's multifarious valleys. Last week those cries brought word to Maseru, the capital, that an all-out guerrilla war seemed to be brewing in the rugged Maluti Mountains of the north.

Lesotho, formerly Basutoland, has a population of 1,000,000, almost entirely black, and is totally surrounded by and dependent upon South Africa. The country has been a shaky proposition ever since Britain granted it independence in 1966. South Africa has backed Lesotho, largely because it represents the sort of separate development that South Africa would like to see for its own black Bantustans.

In January, the nation's first national elections were ruled invalid by the Prime Minister, Chief Leabua Jonathan, when it became apparent that his party was about to lose. Jonathan, a chief of Lesotho's major tribe, the Basuto, had King Moshoeshoe (pronounced Mo-shway-shway) put under house arrest for daring to support the opposition. Last week the king was whisked off to exile in The Netherlands.

While Moshoeshoe chafed, reports of battles between Lesothian guerrillas and the country's British-led police began echoing down from the hills. Last week, at diamond-rich Kao, rebels reportedly hurled boulders down on a police convoy. In retaliation, the police commanded light aircraft from Lesotho Airways (a tiny air-taxi operation owned by the government) and, in a throwback to the aerial tactics of 1914, dumped hand grenades on the rebels. Total rebel losses since the fighting began are put at 150; the police admit that two lawmen have been killed and several more wounded.

As far as Jonathan is concerned, the

Communists are behind it all. His white British police chief, Frederick Roach, claims that "hundreds" in the opposition Congress Party have been sent to the Soviet Union and Communist China for training as saboteurs. Since most party spokesmen have been in prison since January, they have not been able to dispute the charge.

If the fighting expands, as seems likely, Jonathan may well yodel to South Africa for help. That plea will almost certainly be answered. South Africa's two great bogies are Communism and black insurgency. When both are combined, the response should be automatic.

TANZANIA

The Ties that Bind

In tin-roofed village halls throughout Tanzania, angry members of the National Women's Organization stamped their feet and raised their voices in a rhythmic chant: "One man, one wife, is the proper way of life." Petitions poured in to the government, including one that warned in Swahili: "To admit a second wife is to bring poison into the home." A letter to a Dar es Salaam newspaper cautioned simply: "Polygamy will give men big heads."

The subject of this distasteful dissent is a controversial marriage-reform bill proposed by the Tanzanian government. Among the East African country's 12.5 million people, Christian monogamy has traditionally existed side by side with Moslem and pagan polygamy. The situation is fraught with inconsistencies and injustices. As Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, a Roman Catholic, explains: "We have always accepted that Moslems can have four wives, and tribals can have ten or 20. But if I should take a second wife, I could be prosecuted. Yet the police constable who arrested me might be a polygamist. The prosecutor might be a polygamist, as well as the magistrate who sentenced me to four years at hard labor. This is ri-

diculous." Under the new proposals, said Nyerere, "It will be between a man and his wife and his God."

Installment Plan. The plan specifies that a man may take a second wife if his first wife gives her consent. Partly to ensure that the consent will be freely given, it forbids either spouse from inflicting corporal punishment on the other. It also ends child marriage by raising the wedding age to 18 for men and to 15 for women and sets up village conciliation boards for mending broken marriages. Such red tape will deprive the Moslem male of his traditional right to shed a wife simply by declaring "I divorce thee" three times. The plan would not abolish the ancient custom of bride price, which often amounts to ten or 20 prime cows. But it would ease the young man's burden by permitting him to pay his in-laws on the installment plan after the wedding.

For six months the marriage proposals were heatedly debated throughout Tanzania. Some women demanded that, in the name of equality, they be allowed to take more than one husband. Christians denounced the provision permitting polygamy. Moslems quarreled with the requirement that a first wife must consent to her husband's taking another. A male legislator said of the proposed ban on corporal punishment: "Some women never feel satisfied with their husbands' love if they are not beaten."

More Harm than Good. Despite such arguments, the Tanzanian Parliament, which has 179 males and only seven females, overwhelmingly indicated its approval of the new code. When the bill comes up for a formal vote, perhaps at Parliament's session next June, it is virtually certain to be enacted. The ladies of Tanzania did not accept defeat gracefully. "Let the men marry as many wives as they please," shrugged Lucy Lambeck, the Member of Parliament from Kilimanjaro Central. "They will come to realize that they are doing more harm than good to themselves."

TANZANIAN WOMEN IN DAR ES SALAAM PROTESTING NEW MARRIAGE BILL



PEOPLE

His efforts to impugn **Barry Goldwater's** sanity during the 1964 presidential campaign have cost Publisher **Ralph Ginzburg** and his now defunct *Fact* magazine \$91,795.08 in libel settlements. After mailing his personal check to the Senator's office, the flamboyant Ginzburg vowed to "continue to speak out on any issue that I consider important to the American people. To paraphrase Patrick Henry, I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me debt."

Her tastes run more toward Günter Grass, but fiction buff **Mrs. Willy Brandt**, wife of the West German Chancellor, conscientiously boned up on the American novel before visiting Washington with her husband. Ruth Brandt's reading choice: *Jacqueline Susann's* lurid *Valley of the Dolls*.

A group of leading citizens want to rename Main Street in New London, Conn., after the city's most famous summer resident. But it will only become **Eugene O'Neill** Drive over the dead body of Mayor Thomas Griffin, 78. "What did O'Neill do for New London," asks Griffin, himself a Connecticut Irishman, "besides write a few books?"

Though it was a sticky wicket, rain in Canberra did nothing to diminish a shining performance by Australian Prime Minister **John Gorton**. Leading his parliamentary cricket team to a hard-won 121-119 victory over the capital press eleven, the P.M. hit seven runs,

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



GORTON AT BAT
Unpredictable and suspect.

JOHN T. CONDE



GINZBURG & CHECK
Liberty or debt.

and bowled out one press batter with a style characterized by a newsman as "unpredictable and suspect."

"Having watched myself respond to my children's flirtation with peril in sheer panic," Author-Critic **Leslie Fiedler** wrote in his book *Being Busted*, "as if I had never run risks myself, I grew ashamed." The "peril" was drugs. A Buffalo judge admitted portions of Fiedler's book into evidence at a trial in which the critic and his wife were convicted of allowing their sons and friends to smoke marijuana in their home. The jury chose to ignore *Busted*'s preface, which warns the reader that "the following account is more parable than history."

A polite letter from the president of a Princeton debating society invited Cartoonist **Al Capp** to take part in a seminar for an "honorarium" of \$800. Student protest's most abrasive critic said no. Besides, he wrote, his fee is \$3,500, plus an extra \$1,000 in "combat pay" from Ivy League schools because of the savage tactics of dissenters. "Princeton is dedicated to training subhumans," said Capp. "When Ivy League schools get rid of presidents who 'don't know how' to tame the animals they breed, and when they're replaced, as inevitably they must be, by retired Marine brigadier generals, when beasts no longer roam campuses but are locked in cages, then, and not until then, will any sane man accept your invitation."

"I haven't had much to do," said the old gentleman. "But then I haven't had many people to help me." Former Selective Service Director **Lewis B. Hershey**, 76, who once gave orders to a staff of thousands and controlled the fates of millions of potential draftees,

now bosses a single secretary and drafts memos as a presidential "adviser." "I don't know if anybody reads them or not," he admits.

A mutual friend threw a dinner party to introduce Olympic Skier **Susie Chaffee** to Secretary of the Navy **John Chafee**—after ascertaining that they were unrelated. The Secretary opened gallantly by asking for an autograph, but blonde Susie responded instead with an inscription of her own: "Make snow, not war."

Upon arrival at Washington's Sherman-Park Hotel, **L.B.J.** and **Lady Bird** had no trouble finding the suite where they were expected for dinner. They used to live in it themselves when Johnson was in the Senate. In fact, the former President recommended the big old place to the current occupants—**Spiro Agnew** and his wife Judy. A surprise invitation? Not at all, said an Agnew aide, "He's an old admirer of L.B.J.'s."

On one of her rare visits to the U.S., **Ingrid Bergman** turned up at, of all places, the Dogwood Arts Festival in Knoxville. The happy occasion was the world premiere of her latest film, *A Walk in the Spring Rain* with **Anthony Quinn**. "I tried to place it in England," explained the actress. But *Walk* was all Tennessee. The book itself was written by a Tennessee housewife, and the producer insisted on authentic locations in the Great Smoky Mountains. Anyway, not a person in Knoxville was about to knock Bergman, who was nice enough to help plant a dogwood tree. And in honor of La Bergman it didn't even rain.



BERGMAN IN KNOXVILLE
Dogwoods and acclaim.



**"Esta es la casa
que compró
mi papá."**

"This is the house my daddy bought." And Carlos is excited. He's getting a room of his own.

His father was able to finance the house when Equitable set up a \$500,000 mortgage fund to help Puerto Ricans in Brooklyn and the Bronx become homeowners. This is one more example of how Equitable is trying to help erase slums and improve the quality of life in our cities.

Whether it's housing...or Living Insurance
for a family...helping people build a better life
is what Equitable is all about.

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Helping people build a better life
THE EQUITABLE

JOHN O'HARA: The Rage Is Stilled

THE big manor house at Princeton lies at the end of a long, tree-shaded gravel drive, secluded from the noise and bustle of the public road. It is much like the homes of the wealthy, whose manners and mores John O'Hara chronicled over the past four decades with a keen ear and a sharp eye. There last week, O'Hara died of a heart attack at the age of 65. He was indisputably one of the major figures of 20th century American literature, but just as indisputably, he was an author who never quite fulfilled the promise of his talent.

Since 1934, when his first book, *Appointment in Samarra*, was published O'Hara had been astonishingly productive. At his death, he had written twelve

Other critics scoffed at his almost obsessive preoccupation with the rich, disregarding the brilliant portraits of the poor and classless that stud his novels. "I want to get it all down on paper while I can," O'Hara once wrote. "The United States in this century is what I know, and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge I have. I want to record the way people talked and thought and felt and to do it with complete honesty and variety."

Telling the Truth. He never got it all down, of course, but he went a long way toward capturing on paper those eternal preoccupations of mankind: loving, living and dying. Once, asked how he would sum himself up, O'Hara replied: "Better than anyone else, he told the truth about his time, the first half of the 20th century. He was a professional. He wrote honestly and well."

O'Hara was born in Pottsville, Pa., five years after the century began, the son of a prosperous doctor. His childhood was comfortable. He seemed destined for Yale and a happily-ever-after life, but just before he was to go to New Haven his father died and there was no money for college. O'Hara went on to a spectacularly varied assortment of jobs—freight clerk, steel-mill worker, soda jerk, gas-meter reader and deckhand—before turning to writing.

In the late '20s he came to New York and worked on the *Herald Tribune*, the *Mirror* and *TIME*. He developed a reputation as a prodigious drinker—he quit altogether in 1953 after suffering a massive internal hemorrhage—with a concomitant talent for being fired. But by 1929 the first of his short stories started appearing in *The New Yorker*. Four years later, his literary reputation solidly established, he set to work on *Samarra*. Between August and November he rattled out 25,000 words, then ran out of money. He promptly sent copies of the early chapters to three publishers, asking for an advance. Harcourt, Brace responded with \$500 and a \$50-a-week allowance.

Never a Pet. *Appointment in Samarra*, recounting the last days of Julian English, a doomed young member of the upper middle class, was a great success. O'Hara's career was truly launched. Novels like *Butterfield 8*, *A Rage to Live* and *From the Terrace* flowed from his restless typewriter. In 1940 he wrote the libretto for *Pal Joey*, an instant Broadway sensation. Though he got the National Book Award, he never won either the Pulitzer or the Nobel Prize, to his unconcealed annoyance. "It used to hurt, never winning an award, but I've never been the pet of intellectuals," he said. His small Pennsylvania towns, like Gibbstown, of *Appointment in Samarra* and *Ten North Frederick*, were microcosms of American society, observed with scrupulous

attention to detail—down to the width of the lapel on a man's suit. Gibbstown, in fact, closely resembles Pottsville, his old home town.

One of the Best. O'Hara had little patience with writers of the '60s; he was of an earlier era, a contemporary of Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis. "I've never been able to read Norman Mailer," he complained in 1967. "Mailer is a dirty Saroyan." Bernard Malamud and William Styron received the same short shrift. Most young writers, however, confess to at least a degree of admiration for O'Hara. "He has more genius than talent," John Updike wrote in 1966. "Very little censoring went on in his head, but his best stories have the flow-

GEN MINTON



O'HARA AT TYPEWRITER (1947)



RELAXING AT SEASIDE (1961)

novels, between 300 and 400 short stories and a large assortment of essays, novellas and plays; he had recently completed a new novel, *The Ewings*, scheduled for publication next February and was 70 pages into a sequel as well. His tough, spare prose, crackling dialogue and gift for creating mood and atmosphere won him a worldwide audience (his works have been translated into at least 19 languages, including Dutch and Vietnamese). He was, almost certainly, several times a millionaire—and he was not at all ashamed of his wealth. "I am a very lucky man," he once said, "but, by God, I earned it."

He did. In the earning, friend and foe alike learned to fear his prickly wit and often combative manner. In 1956, when his novel *Ten North Frederick* won a National Book Award, some critics attacked O'Hara for overemphasizing sex. Now, 14 years later, what once seemed daring seems decidedly tame.

ing ease and surprisingness of poems."

In recent years, however, younger critics hit O'Hara hard, charging that his preoccupation with the upper middle class made him no longer relevant. That sort of criticism stirred O'Hara. Asked about his increasingly conservative views, he told a friend not long ago: "If I were 21 years old, I would probably be a good deal more concerned about race and poverty and other problems than I am, because if I were 21, I would be more alive to what's going on. But when you've only got a certain number of years to live, you can't concern yourself with all the problems of the world." His world began and ended with Gibbstown and, in the cacophonous, violence-studded global village of today, that sometimes seems a narrow world indeed. Yet many of its problems will be shared as long as the species endures. John O'Hara illuminated those problems with a professional's skill and honesty.

1. 10-inch-longer useable loadspace.

2. Independent front suspension and 3½-inch-longer wheelbase for better ride and handling.

3. 345 pounds more payload. Up to 3930 pounds on Tradesman 300.

4. Hidden cargo step. Cargo doors easier to open. Won't stick or collect ice or snow.

5. 6. Power steering, optional. Power brakes, optional.

7. 7-inch-larger hood opening. Easier battery, dipstick, and radiator servicing.

8. Engine cover is 4 inches lower, 10 inches shorter. Makes it easy for driver to reach cargo area.

9. Integral air conditioning, optional.

10. Car-style instrument panel. All controls within easy reach.



Model shown is 127" wheelbase Tradesman 300.

11. Bumper jack. Can be used with full load on Tradesman 100 and 200.

12. 13. Engine can be removed quickly and easily through front of truck. Wider doors and door steps and less wheelhouse intrusion make for easier ins and outs.

14. 15. Two-stage door checks stop front doors from accidentally closing on you. Posi-latch doors won't spring open.

16. Automatic transmission, optional with all Tradesman models.

17. Independent suspension and standard track allow inexpensive front wheel alignment on passenger car equipment.

18. Bigger standard engines. 198 Six, 318 V8.

INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW 1971 DODGE STRONG BOX

The big, new Tradesman Van that outdoes the better idea people 31 ways.

19. 26-gallon gas tank.

20. 21. Two-inch-wider seats with square corners for better leg support. Full-foam padding means softer ride, more comfort.

22. 23. Full-width sun visors. Larger windshield wiper pattern.

25. Extra rust protection for underside and rocker panels.

27. 28. Wind tunnel body shape and 64" radio window reduce wind tunnel effect. Doors adjustable three ways for better sealing.

24. Front seat does not block the cargo door entrance.

26. High-level air intake keeps incoming air cooler and cleaner.

29. 30. 31. Fiber-glass engine cover reduces interior heat and noise. Ashtray on engine cover. Easy to reach. Heater located in engine compartment for more leg and footroom.



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THE PRESS

Missing in Cambodia

That was one of the scariest moments of my life. But you know, man, we've got to come back here. I bet that if we used motorcycles, dressed casually—really low-profile—we could get off this main road and sort of glide into the villages. We might be able to rap with some of the Cambodians, and then have them take us to where we can get pictures of the action.

—TIME Photographer Sean Flynn

Flynn did go back, and he found the Viet Cong. Or rather the V.C. found him. Along with his friend, CBS Cameraman Dana Stone, the 28-year-old son of Errol Flynn was captured in the Cambodia-South Vietnam border area. Last week, in addition to the two Americans, at least six other journalists⁸ were presumed to have fallen victim to the Viet Cong in the same vicinity. The captures dramatized how greatly Cambodia has changed since the ouster of Prince Norodom Sihanouk four weeks ago.

For three years, Cambodia's chimerical Prince veiled his relations with the Viet Cong by keeping foreign journalists out of his "neutralist" country. Many sneaked in, mainly for respite from the Viet Nam War. Unable to carry out any real reporting in Cambodia, they dined on frogs' legs, eggs *en cocotte* and cheese soufflés beside a bikini-lined pool in Phnom-Penh, the capital city.

Beads and Bombs. When the Prince was ousted, the new government welcomed reporters—but covering Cambodia suddenly became a highly dangerous venture. As scores of U.S., British, Australian, French, German and Japanese correspondents poured in, they found a countryside torn by civil strife and infested with Viet Cong patrols. The government could not provide escorts; local drivers refused to leave the capital.

Sean Flynn arrived in Cambodia on April 2, on assignment for TIME. The next day he joined TIME Correspondent Burton Pines in a rented car headed for Parrot's Beak, a jut of Cambodia that cuts into South Viet Nam about 40 miles west of Saigon. Pines reports: "In one village, where the V.C. had burned a district office that Sean wanted to photograph, we two Americans created quite a commotion. Sean, espe-

cially, fascinated them. Six feet tall, strikingly handsome, with long blond hair almost to his shoulders, he wore only sandals, khaki shorts, a white pull-over and love beads. While he was photographing the house, we saw South Vietnamese air force planes bombing just across the border. We had learned earlier in the day that both Vietnamese and American artillery and airplanes had begun regular missions on Cambodian soil. Sean wanted to come back to photograph those missions that Washington and Saigon so vehemently deny."

Moments later, Flynn and Pines also saw—and narrowly escaped—two 15-



FLYNN & STONE BEFORE CAPTURE
Among the ablest—and bravest.

man Communist patrols armed with AK-47 rifles. After hurrying back to the capital, Flynn and Dana Stone (on assignment for CBS News) agreed that a return trip was worth the risk despite ominous reports of 10,000 Communist troops in the area. The two rented red Honda motorcycles and headed off. The next day villagers near Bavet reported seeing the Viet Cong quietly capture two Westerners on motor scooters. It was the same area where the Frenchmen and two Japanese journalists had been captured the day before.

Gentle Daredevil. Before going to Viet Nam in 1965, Sean Flynn was a game warden in Kenya, a fashion photographer in Paris, a big-game hunter in Pakistan, and had starred, uncomfortably, in a film, *The Son of Captain Blood*. In Viet Nam, he made infantry operations his photographic forte, slogging through jungles for weeks on end with Special Forces troops, invariably attired in a French Foreign Legion cam-

ouflage suit complete with flowing scarf. He also shot 10,000 ft. of film for a documentary on the war, shipped it to his home in Paris, and twice left to edit it between combat assignments. Recalls a friend: "He said that his documentary never would be finished until he had pictures of the other side."

During the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War—one of his sidetracks—Flynn and another reporter scavenged a Soviet recoilless rifle in the Sinai desert, hitched it to their Volkswagen and took off, with visions of donating it to a Tel Aviv discothèque. The Israeli patrol that intercepted them had other uses for it. On assignment covering Richard Nixon in Indonesia last July, Flynn rented a beach house in Bali. A remarkably gentle man, despite his daredevil reputation, he had fallen in love with the serene simplicity of the island and decided to remain there indefinitely. He returned to Saigon last month merely to wind up affairs in Viet Nam before returning to Bali, where he had already taken an option to acquire some land.

Diplomatic Efforts. Flynn's Saigon roommate, Cameraman Stone, 30, a short, sardonic Vermonter, was once a lumberjack and merchant mariner. When he went to Viet Nam in 1966, Stone took up photography as a means of seeing the war. A veteran of many hair-raising operations, he soon gained a reputation that gave him as many assignments as he could handle. "There may be other, more famous photographers with greater technical skill in Viet Nam," says TIME Correspondent David Greenway, "but there are none with more courage and initiative than Stone and Flynn."

Why the Viet Cong suddenly seemed intent on holding captured journalists remains unknown. The leading speculation is that the Communists hope to scare journalists away from reporting their activities in the border area. Intense diplomatic efforts are being made for the release of all ten captives, and North Vietnamese representatives in Paris have agreed to make inquiries.

Is Wishing Success

All over the world, English-language newspapers comfort American tourists, help teach native students and rake in local advertisers' bahts, cruzeiros, dinars, pesos, rupees and yen. But some of the papers are English in name only. As a splendid example, the first issue of Buenos Aires' new *American News* has just announced its aims in a charming front-page letter from the editor:

"The *American News* wishes to capture, to tune in and to enlarge the American living beat. Born with these aims in the heart, today is making them public from its pages. In the widespread mosaic of different sections a fanning on the various aspects and issues affecting the American living or arriving to Argentina will blow promptly." To which all fanning journalists can only add salute and heartfelt hoping of many successful futures.

⁸ The known others: German-born NBC Photographer Dieter Bellendorf; French Photographers Gilles Caron, Guy Hannoun, Claude Arpin; Michel Visot, a Phnom-Penh professor of law acting as a guide; and two Japanese television newsmen, Reporter Akira Kusaka and Cameraman Yujiro Tagaki.

EDUCATION

Campus Communiqué

As some college officials tell it, the student "revolution" is dying or dead. According to Chicago's Urban Research Corp., which monitors student unrest, that is anything but true. In fact, major campus disruptions have increased this year to a rate of more than one per day. Last week, as the spring riot season neared, the tumult worsened at troubled campuses across the U.S.

► At Cornell, racial tension returned. Angry blacks looted and vandalized the new university store, started a bonfire of stolen goods, and roamed the campus, breaking windows and overturning cars. The rampage came in response to a \$100,000 fire—apparently set by ar-

VINCENT MARZOIA—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE



HANGING POSTERS AT STANFORD

Back to revolution.

sonists—that recently gutted the Africana Studies and Research Center. The fire destroyed the year-old center's library, and a number of manuscripts. It also reminded many that a cross burning last spring helped provoke the much publicized seizure of the student union by armed blacks. In sympathy last week, 150 white students staged a sit-in at the trustees' office to support the blacks' demands for a new center building and black guards to protect black housing. Cornell President Dale R. Corson asked the FBI to probe the fire and posted a \$10,000 reward to help catch the arsonists. As black anger deepened, Corson imposed an 11 p.m.-to-7 a.m. campus curfew and got a court injunction to prevent further disruption.

► At Hunter College, a coalition of 17 militant student groups chained doors, blocked hallways, raided cafeterias, and virtually shut down the 19,000-student (mostly women) school's campus in

Manhattan. The so-called "People's Coalition" made 34 demands, including equal student and faculty representation on all policymaking bodies, greater autonomy for the Black and Puerto Rican Studies department, and curriculum changes at Hunter High School, which is affiliated with the college. Mrs. Jacqueline Wexler, a former nun who recently became Hunter's new president, agreed with many of the demands and suspended classes to permit broader participation in negotiations, but she refused to deal only with the radical demonstrators. She was also reluctant to call in the police. "I'm not about to give them a holocaust they can drum up student sympathy with," she said.

► At Stanford, President Kenneth Pitzer posted guards outside the ROTC classroom building to repel antiwar student raiders. The move came in response to two weeks of almost daily rallies and vandalism inspired by a recent faculty vote that may restore academic credit (barred last April) to ROTC. During the turmoil, one student was found trying to turn his Mustang into a fire bomb by soaking it with gasoline. On April Fools' Day, a masked assailant poured a bucket of red paint over Pitzer.

Experiment in "Relevance"

When it comes to black students, most U.S. colleges are still asking that old white question: What do they want? The answer is: education that can help them wipe out black poverty, strengthen black culture and combat U.S. racism. Whether or not that tall order can ever be filled, a few schools have started experiments that could benefit not only blacks but students of all races. An example of this trend is Livingston College, a new undergraduate school opened seven months ago by New Jersey's state-run Rutgers University.

Livingston College (named for the state's first post-colonial Governor) has gone far beyond most "integrated" U.S. campuses, which typically remain about 98% white. The pioneering freshman class of 629 students is 75% white, 20% black and 5% Hispanic. Almost 20% of the faculty is black and Puerto Rican. Most students come from New Jersey, but from quite different social classes. In high school some were successful and others had spotty records, but all jumped at the chance to help start a new college. Livingston will eventually grow to 3,500 students, and it has already attracted 3,600 applicants for next year's freshman class.

Reverse Approach. Unlike most schools, Livingston emphasizes one field: urban problems. As if to make this subject even more "relevant," the college admitted 125 ghetto youths with poor academic records but with other kinds of achievement, notably community activism. "We started with the premise that these kids could be educated," says

Professor Samuel Sanderson, black chairman of the community development department. "Then we decided to test what was wrong with present colleges, and not assume that something was wrong with the kids."

According to Dean Ernest A. Lynton, a 43-year-old white physicist who was one of Livingston's key planners, a major problem is that college has become compulsory in U.S. life. Millions go because they have to, not because they want to. "The burden of proof is on us, and it starts with concern for the students' own interests," says Lynton. Livingston thus reverses the usual curriculum: students start with real problems, then learn how theory may solve them. The hope is that a new respect for academic disciplines will follow.

Livingston's courses range from English and political science to "Pop Music"

ALFRED STADLER



DISCUSSION GROUP AT LIVINGSTON COLLEGE

Hoping that respect will follow.

(especially rock) and "Contemporary Youth Movements." Individual projects abound. A girl in an urban studies class is exploring what happens when a black newspaper is started in a town formerly served by a single white paper; another is charting the probable effect of a proposed highway through the college community. Three students are making a documentary film to see if it communicates better than print. Others are analyzing the "power structure" of a local city. Their method is to identify the city's key decision makers and then trace how their ideas become realities.

Livingston makes no pretense of governing *in loco parentis*; students are fully responsible for dormitory rules and hours. "The administration is just a third party," says one white student. "We feel that people who have to live with decisions should make them."

How do blacks view Livingston? They have already demanded and won an

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all-black dormitory. Just a bit startled, the faculty likes to view a stay in the dorm as a temporary phase for most black students. Says Donald Phifer, a black admissions officer: "When they discover that they are holding their own with whites in class, they will want out of that black dorm." So far, the dorm remains black, and it is overflowing into part of an adjoining building.

"Livingston isn't anything but a test tube," says a black Viet Nam veteran. "We have great potential in the urban studies program," he insists. "But when we begin to take those new ideas out into the cities and try to put them into action," he worries that Rutgers—"Big Father across the river"—will block student projects that become too radical. Says another black skeptic: "If Livingston takes the revolutionaries off the streets, who's going to be left out there running the business?" But he adds: "You got to have college to survive."

No one yet knows whether Livingston can satisfy black and white students with sharply different backgrounds and expectations. The experiment may collapse—or furnish a prototype for colleges across the country. As of now, Livingston's main claim to fame is that it has not temporized in what it set out to do. That alone makes it worth watching.

A Healer for Columbia

Would Columbia University succumb to anarchy? The question was real enough in the tumultuous spring of 1968 after the student rebellion had paralyzed the Morningside Heights campus. The situation called for a skilled negotiator, a man expert at the resolution of conflicts. Such a man emerged from the law-school faculty. Overnight, Professor Michael I. Sovern, 36, found himself struggling to reunite and reform the badly shaken university. Last week the trustees rewarded Sovern's largely successful efforts by naming him to succeed William C. Warren as dean of Columbia Law School.

Valid Process. In helping to heal Columbia after the 1968 crisis, Sovern applied the soothing humor and tough pragmatism that have earned him wide respect as a labor arbitrator and mediator in disputes involving airline pilots, firemen, policemen, teachers and merchant mariners. As chairman of the faculty executive committee, he helped ease Columbia's overly remote president, Grayson Kirk, into retirement. Sovern was also chief salesman for the new University Senate, a student-faculty-alumni-administration body designed to democratize the process of decision making. "We were able to demonstrate what the radicals deny—that there is a wide range of solutions to any problem," says Sovern. "The most important thing we accomplished was giving a sense to people that the process was valid."

Sovern has good reason for believing in "the system." Born in The Bronx, he was the son of a garment-industry sales-

man who went broke at the end of the Depression. He finished near the top of his class at the brainy Bronx High School of Science, graduated *summa cum laude* from Columbia College and went on to become the top student in Columbia Law School's class of 1955. After two years on the faculty of the University of Minnesota, he returned to teach labor law at Columbia, and in 1960 was promoted to full professor. He was 28—the youngest full professor at Columbia in memory.

Pedagogical Challenge. A popular teacher whose courses (one: Law and Poverty) deal with contemporary legal problems, Sovern is an unapologetic liberal with a special interest in eliminating racial discrimination in employment. In addition to turning out an impressive number of scholarly articles and books, he is an activist in the cause of civil



SOVERN

With both humor and pragmatism.

rights. As director of training institutes for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, he supervises continuing legal education for civil rights lawyers in various parts of the country. He has also been a vocal opponent of both the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court.

"I'm going to make this the best law school in the world," says Dean Sovern. "It is a magnificent pedagogical challenge to think about how you train people in 1970 for effective functioning in 1985, when no one has the foggiest notion of what the world is going to be like then." Of one thing Sovern is certain: "The idea that we should spend all our time in law school teaching people how to win instead of how to settle is very damaging in this day and age." As he sees it, law schools ought to be trying much harder to turn out graduates versed as well in conciliation as they are in litigation.

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MEDICINE

Abortion Reform (Contd.)

Led by Colorado early in 1967, ten states have moderately liberalized their century-old abortion laws. Even so, the new laws have hardly made an appreciable dent in the number of illegal abortions, estimated to be as high as 1,500,000 annually. Dissatisfied with what they regard as tokenism, abortion reformers have since mounted campaigns in several states to abolish all penalties for abortions, provided they are performed by licensed physicians in approved hospitals. Their first success came in Hawaii (TIME, March 9), followed by another in Maryland, where the legislature has sent Governor Marvin Mandel a bill similar to the one passed in Hawaii.

Last week New York's legislature took essentially the same course. First, the Senate passed a comparable bill. Then the Assembly, in a cliffhanger session, approved the bill by the margin of a single vote out of 150, adding one restriction: after 24 weeks of pregnancy (when the fetus may have become viable) an abortion can be performed only to save the mother's life. The Senate quickly accepted that sensible change, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller said that he would sign the bill.

Help for the Manic-Depressive

To the chemist and now to the psychiatrist, lithium is a fascinating substance, the lightest of all the solid elements. Its compounds have had a discouraging history in medicine. Last week, however, lithium carbonate was approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for the treatment of mental patients in the overexcited manic phase of manic-depressive psychosis.

No less remarkable than the properties of the metal itself is the way its compound has won approval, primarily due to the work of Australian Psychiatrist John Frederick Joseph Cade. After 3½ years as a prisoner of war, Cade began to work in a mental hospital at Bundoora, near Melbourne, concentrating on possible biochemical differences between the manic and depressive phases of the same patient. Nothing was farther from his mind than lithium, which had been discredited as a hypnotic and again in 1949 as a substitute for table salt. "One can hardly imagine," says Cade, "a less propitious year," especially as the work was being done "by an unknown psychiatrist, in a small hospital, with no research training, primitive techniques and negligible equipment."

No Potent. Cade was led indirectly to lithium by inconclusive experiments with other substances. What he learned from his crude equipment and his guinea pigs was that lithium carbonate had a profound effect on the manic patient. He took it himself and suffered no

harm. He gave it to a male patient, 51, who was "restless, dirty, destructive, who had been in a back ward for five years and bade fair to remain there the rest of his life." In three weeks the patient was better, and he soon went home and back to work. Lithium carbonate, Cade found, appeared to be of little or no value in the treatment of other psychotic states, notably schizophrenia, or in the depressive phase into which most manic patients usually subside.

Danish investigators extended Cade's findings: lithium-treated patients, after remission of their mania, did not become depressed as soon again or as often as those receiving other drugs.

GRAPHIC PICTURES HONOLULU



CADE

Again into the same lucky dip.

But lithium carbonate posed a problem for the drug industry. A common chemical, it could not be patented, so there could be little profit in its manufacture. Any schoolboy could buy it from a chemical supply house for his basement laboratory; the FDA insisted that only research psychiatrists could use it clinically, under rigid rules.

A doctor is still supposed to prescribe it for only one condition, the manic phase of manic-depressive psychosis. Some authorities are concerned that physicians may prescribe the drug too freely, for it may be dangerous. Double the usual prescribed dose can make a person miserably ill, and more might cause coma and death. Yet by this criterion lithium carbonate is no more dangerous than digitalis or insulin. Despite their poor profit prospects, three U.S. drug manufacturers are now marketing the compound as a public service. No one knows how many U.S. mental patients qualify for it: the figure most often quoted is around 100,000.

Researcher Cade could not resist the

temptation, as he puts it, of plunging his hand again into the same lucky dip. He tried the salts of other metals closely related to lithium, and drew blanks. Then he turned to strontium, which competes with calcium in many vital biochemical processes and is somehow involved in the body's handling of another trace element, magnesium. Again Cade picked the carbonate form as the least likely to upset the stomach. He recently told colleagues that he has tried it on himself and noted "a distinct tranquilizing effect," though he considers himself "a pharmacologically tough animal." He also has preliminary evidence that it relieves schizophrenia symptoms in some patients, although not in others.

No longer an unknown psychiatrist, Dr. Cade is in the U.S. this week to speak in Baltimore at a Taylor Manor Hospital symposium on discoveries in biological psychiatry. There he will suggest that other psychiatrists investigate strontium carbonate, to establish whether in this, as in lithium carbonate, he has found a common chemical to be a useful drug.

Pill Caution

There is universal agreement that oral contraceptives are such potent drugs that they should be taken only under a doctor's supervision—and that some women should not take them at all (TIME, Jan. 26; March 9). How can women be alerted to these admitted facts without being scared off the Pill entirely?

After a torrent of alarmist anti-Pill testimony at Senate hearings earlier this year, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration published the draft of an elaborate warning to be inserted in each month's supply of contraceptive pills. The FDA was promptly attacked by the American Medical Association, which charged it with interfering in doctor-patient relationships, and by the pharmaceutical companies, which saw their sales slipping. White House pressure made the FDA back down.

Last week it decided that by mid-summer—barring further legal or political action—all Pill packages should contain this shorter, simpler warning:

"The oral contraceptives are powerful, effective drugs. Do not take these drugs without your doctor's continued supervision. As with all effective drugs, they may cause side effects in some cases and should not be taken at all by some. Rare instances of abnormal blood clotting are the most important known complications. These points were discussed with you when you chose this method of contraception."

"While you are taking this drug, you should have periodic examinations at intervals set by your doctor. Tell your doctor if you notice any of the following: 1) severe headache, 2) blurred vision, 3) pain in the legs, 4) pain in the chest or unexplained cough, 5) irregular or missed periods."



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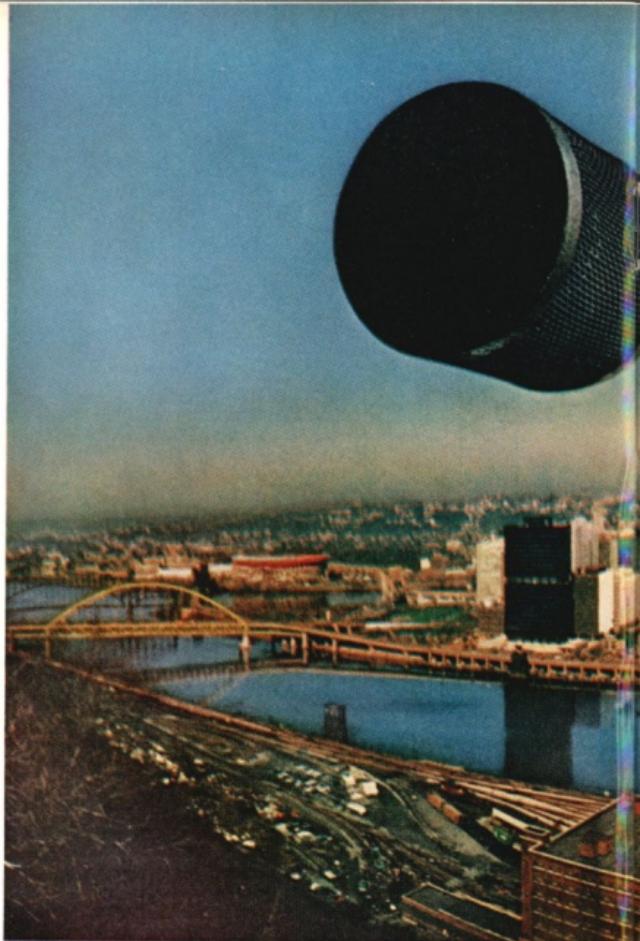


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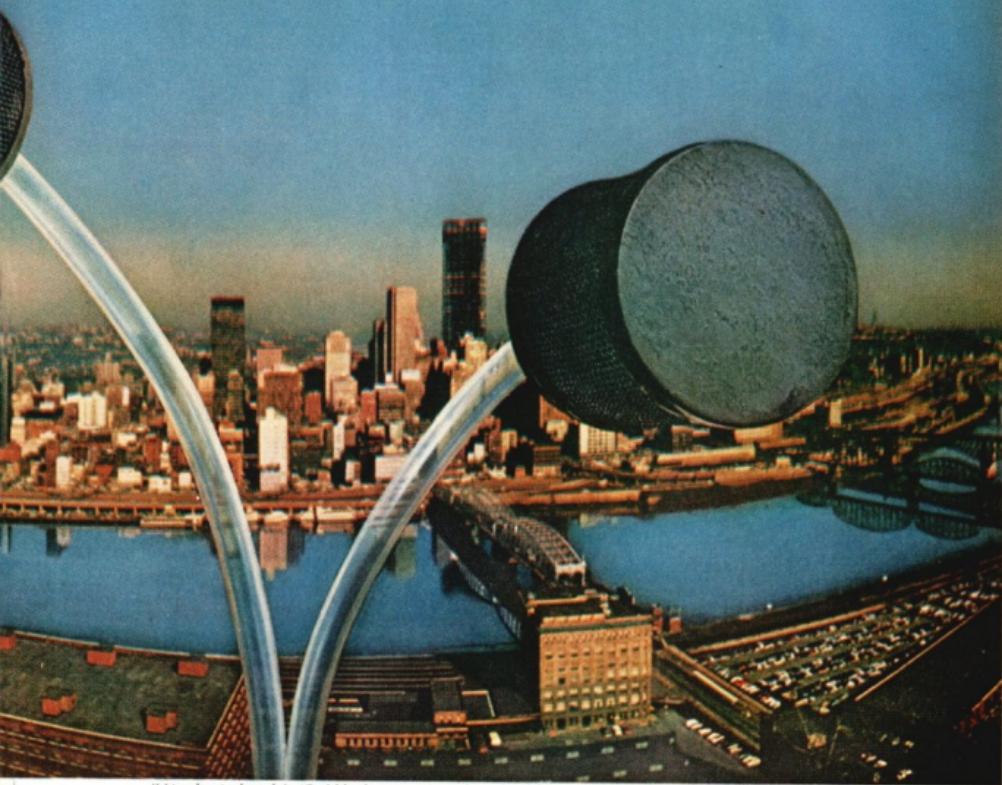


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"They really did a remarkable job of cleaning up the visible pollution. As far back as 1962, a U.S. Public Health Service study, covering thirteen cities, showed that Pittsburgh had less 'dust' than eleven of them. Only Salt Lake City had clearer air.

"But the most difficult part of the job is still ahead.

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"These 'sniffers' take continuous readings of pollutant levels, which, along with weather data, are fed into the computer over telephone lines.

"Readings are printed out every five minutes. But when a pollutant exceeds a specified level, the print-out appears in red and the computer automatically requests new readings every fifteen seconds.

"A system like this can pinpoint excess pollutants and their sources. And give pollution authorities an opportunity to take appropriate action.

"What's more, we'll eventually be able to use it as an early warning system—spotting dangerous conditions *before* critical pollution levels are reached.

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THE THEATER

Cave of Terrified Mutants

Cremation is not confined to the dead. There are families in which people burn each other to a crisp daily and dance with desolate glee in the ashes. Despite its title, which suggests arch avant-garde whimsy, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* is a lacerating account of just such a household.

The mother (Sada Thompson) is a widow from whom all love of life has departed. She hates the world, she hates her lot, and she vents her arid spleen in sardonic wisecracks that are meant to—and do—raise welts on the minds and hearts of her two vulnerable young daughters. The elder daughter (Amy Levitt), an incipient slut, has been pushed

igolds are withered, some aberrant, and some blossom handsomely. So it is in the family. It is difficult to know where praise of *Marigolds* should begin or end, and how to contain it. Sada Thompson may already have stolen the Obie award. Her acerb slatternly mother, gobbling cigarettes and guzzling whisky, might simply have been a mutilating monster—except that every other word and gesture reveals the maimed woman inside. The daughter roles are charged with compassion by Levitt and Payton-Wright.

The ultimate accolade must go to Paul Zindel for creating a psychologically perceptive ambience. Shame hangs in the air of this house as palpably as poison gas. The home is never cleaned or tidied up, not because doing either is physically or economically impossible, but because the members of the family are psychologically paralyzed. The ring of the telephone is like a scream that petrifies, and the thought of a neighbor paying a visit is as horrifying as a storm trooper battering at the door in the night. In this cave of terrified mutants, the judgments of the outside world arrive as abrasive jeers. To savage the mother, the older daughter tells her that she is known to the neighbors as "Betty the Loon." And yet, Zindel reminds us, strong, strange, beautiful flowers spring from such compost heaps. It is a troubling thought, one of the honest and intelligent values of this splendid and tormented play.

A Flavorless Irish Stew

"Loved the set—hated the show," remarked one departing theatergoer on the opening night of the musical *Cry for Us All*. The set is a wondrous toy, a mammoth turntable, but the show is a sentimental melodrama adapted from the 1966 off-Broadway hit, *Hogan's Goat*. Its locale is Brooklyn in the late 19th century, when the borough still had its own mayor and power-hungry chieftains scrawled feudally over a kind of Irish fiefdom. One such boy-o, Matt Stanton, becomes a protégé of the mayor (Robert Weede), steals his mistress and seems well on his way to the big power grab when a fatal quarrel with his own wife (Joan Diener) totally undoes him.

The play had the rich savor of ethnic origins, of a time and a place recalled with nostalgic exactitude, but the musical is just a flavorless Broadway stew. It is drenched in an operetta-styled nondistinctive score that drowns the story. A dance at a wake is given ardent balletic precision by Tommy Rall but, in the saddest possible sense, all of *Cry for Us All* is a wake.

Swinging, Sophisticated Party

The world's first drama occurred in the Garden of Eden with only two characters onstage, and they decided that paradise was well lost for love. To a degree, this is the same conclusion reached

by a latter-day Adam and Eve in a delightful one-acter called *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning*.

Janet (Catherine Burns) is one of those 19-year-old girls who cannot turn the pages of a book without developing a crush on its author. Writer Alec Kooning (Kevin O'Connor), urbane, 50, short of wind and past the crest of his talent, cannot receive an adoring letter from such a girl without replying in grateful ardor. Females being females, with their minds "half on virginity, half on the game," Janet maneuvers her hero into a meeting.

Poor Alec ruefully realizes that he makes better love in print than in person. The moment of climax is a moment of crushing, middle-aged anticlimax: "I can't make love in the past tense, and love seems to be all in the past tense for me nowadays." British

BY FRIEDMAN—ZODIAC



BURNS & O'CONNOR IN "ROSENBERG"

Love in the past tense.

Playwright Stanley Eveling then upends his hourglass plot with ironic precision to turn Janet into a successful young writer.

The second play on this double bill, *Jakey Fat Boy*, is a hilarious putdown of the hopped-up cult of being "with it." Much of the humor revolves around malicious In jokes about Kenneth Tynan, deviser of *Oh! Calcutta!* Jake, the hero (O'Connor), is obsessed by Tynan, referring to him as being "uptight with now," or else identifying with him: "I am up there with Ken Tynan and all the great lovers, all the major erotic figures." What Jake actually is, of course, is autoerotic, an onanistic intellectual voyeur.

These plays are for sophisticates, but Kevin O'Connor's performance is for everyone who ever cared about superior acting. His gregarious presence epitomizes the actor as host. Each playgoer is a guest at his party; he means the party to swing, and it does.

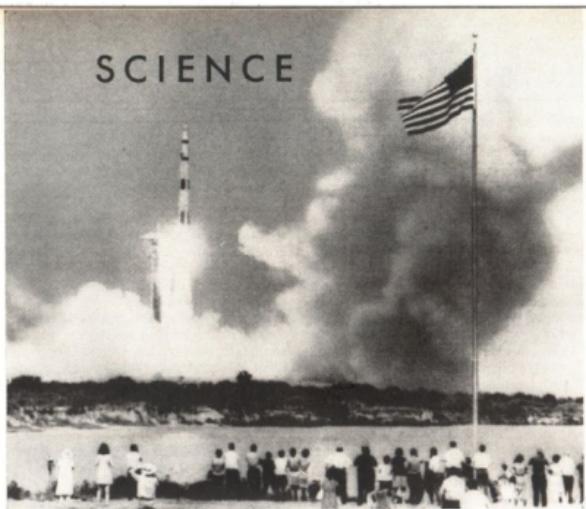
THOMPSON, LEVITT & PAYTON-WRIGHT (REAR)
Venom in a boiling cauldron.

past the edge of mental stability, and at moments of extreme stress goes into convulsive spasms. Since any display of affection is cauterized by the mother's tongue, the younger daughter (Pamela Payton-Wright) lavishes her care and love on a plump white rabbit.

Even in this emotionally scorched earth, the younger girl is like a plant reaching up tenaciously toward the sun of knowledge. She has a relish for science, and her sympathetic science teacher has encouraged her to conduct the experiment of growing marigold seeds that have been subjected to gamma rays. When she is asked to deliver a small speech on the subject in her high school auditorium, the cauldron of the mother's repressions, frustrations, aborted love and accumulated venom boils over.

Perceptive Ambience. Mutation is the master metaphor with which Playwright Paul Zindel links the worlds of botany and humanity. Some of the mar-

SCIENCE



APOLLO 13 LIFTING OFF AT CAPE KENNEDY

Heading for the Hills

ONLY nine months have passed since man made his first lunar landing, and many Americans have already become rather blasé about moon shots. But to the thousands of spectators in Florida and millions in front of TV sets around the world, last week's Apollo launch—televised from close up for the first time—had obviously lost none of its awesome drama. "Good luck, and head for the hills!" called Cape Kennedy launch control to the Apollo crew. Apollo 13 did just that. It lifted off

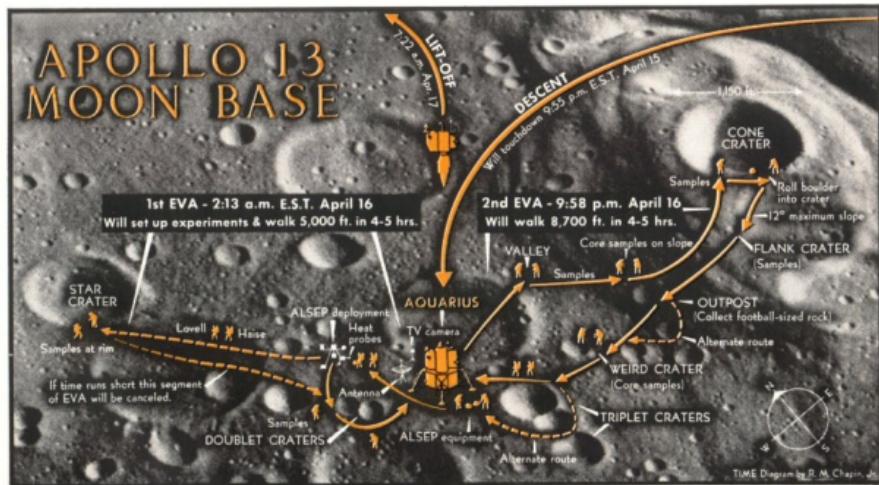
into the hazy Florida skies in a cloud of flame and, only six-tenths of a second late, headed toward the hilly highlands near the lunar crater Fra Mauro, 246,000 miles away.

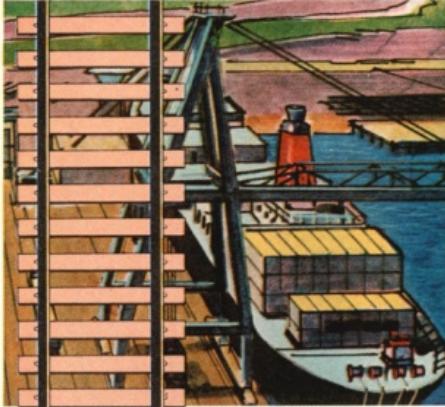
Only one mechanical bug marred the launch: the inboard engine of the Saturn rocket's second stage shut down two minutes prematurely. But the remaining four engines of the stage automatically compensated by firing 33 seconds longer than programmed, and the third-stage S-4B rocket burned an

extra ten seconds to boost the spacecraft unerringly into earth orbit. Then, after 11 revolutions of the earth, a five-minute blast from the S-4B sent the fifth U.S. manned lunar mission on a long glide toward the moon.

Painful Choice. Another bug—this one viral—made the hours before lift-off almost as tense as the launch itself. The countdown for the mission was about to begin when Astronaut Charles Duke, of the Apollo 13 back-up crew, complained of chills, fever and a rash. Doctors diagnosed his illness as rubella, or German measles. Duke had apparently caught the disease from the children of friends. Dismayed NASA officials immediately ordered blood tests of Apollo 13's first-line crew members, who had come in contact with Duke during several preflight conferences. Both Astronauts Jim Lovell and Fred Haise were found to be immune to rubella. Command Module Pilot Ken Mattingly was not; his blood lacked the necessary antibodies.

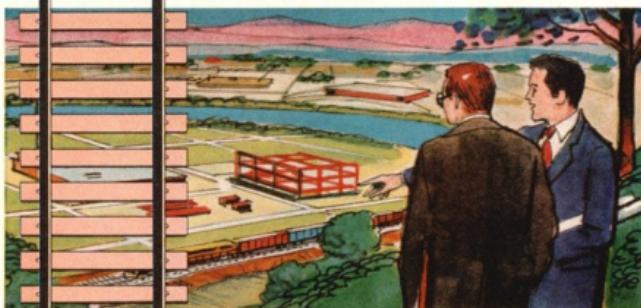
NASA was faced with a painful choice. If Mattingly were allowed to go on the mission, he might well be disabled by the disease (which can blur vision and swell the joints in the hand), perhaps while alone in orbit around the moon. If the mission were delayed until the next practical launch date, May 9, the extra cost would be \$800,000 and there might also be some deterioration of the Saturn systems. In contrast, there was the possibility of replacing Mattingly with his back-up crewman, John Swigert, who was found to have immunity against rubella. But Swigert had trained only with the back-up crew and there was doubt that he could properly coordinate with Lovell and Haise on such short no-





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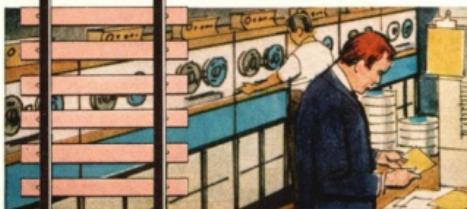
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tice. Said Astronaut Chief "Deke" Slayton: "It was sort of like trying to put Glenn Miller into Tommy Dorsey's band. Both are great musicians, but each has a different style."

Alone in Orbit. Against the objections of Lovell, who wanted to risk taking Mattingly along, NASA officials decided to put Swigert to the test. He was substituted for Mattingly in mission simulator tests and quickly proved that he was master of his assignment. So while a delighted Swigert lifted off from Cape Kennedy, a bitterly disappointed Mattingly watched from the Mission Control Center in Houston.

Swigert, too, will be left behind on Wednesday night, to orbit the moon in the command module *Odyssey* while Lovell and Haise make their scheduled descent in the lunar module *Aquarius* to land near Fra Mauro. Stopping 500 ft. or so west of their spacecraft on their first moon walk (see diagram), they will deploy a set of nuclear-powered experiments that should radio data to earth for at least a year. Their equipment will include two ingenious new devices to pry more secrets from the moon as well as the space around it.

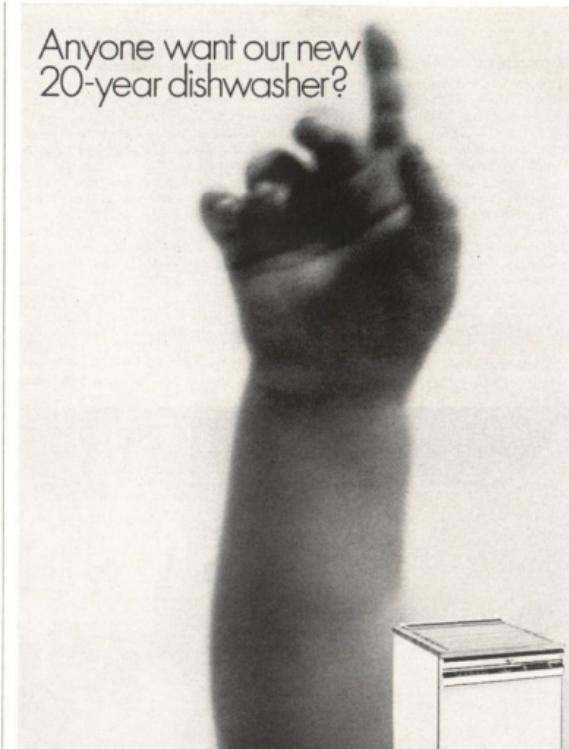
One of the instruments measures the energy of charged particles that emanate from the sun and distant stars. By analyzing this radiation, which is virtually impossible to detect through the earth's shielding magnetic field, scientists may learn more about such near-terrestrial particle phenomena as the aurora borealis (northern lights) and the Van Allen radiation belts.

In the second new experiment, using a battery-powered drill, Astronaut Haise will plant a pair of thermal probes into the lunar soil. These detectors will test the thermal conductivity of the rock and determine the rate at which heat flows from the moon's interior—perhaps helping to settle the old hot-v.-cold moon arguments.

Footprint Caper. During their second moon walk, Lovell and Haise will try to climb 250 ft. or more to the lip of Cone Crater, where they may find very ancient debris from the huge meteor impact that created the Sea of Rains some 300 miles away. Their most unusual exercise will probably be Haise's "footprint caper," during which he will plant his boot in a pile of soil and photograph the imprint. Purpose: to study the clinging power of moon dust.

The scientific payoff from all this effort could be spectacular. The first moon mission yielded a rock more than 4.5 billion years old, a billion years older than any earth specimen. On its return from man's first expedition to the lunar highlands, Apollo 13 may bring back rocks nearly 5 billion years old, going back to the very beginnings of the solar system. Such trophies would more than convince scientists that the astronauts did not lightly pick the Apollo 13 mission motto: *Ex Luna, Scientia*—From the Moon, Knowledge.

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ART

Maximizing the Minimal

Way back in 1913, an unwary art critic covered himself with retrospective ignominy by mocking Dadaist Marcel Duchamp's cubistic *Nude Descending a Staircase* as looking more like "an explosion in a shingle factory." There is no such danger today awaiting critics of Minimal Sculptor Robert Morris—even though some of his work does indeed look like an explosion in some sort of factory—because Morris' untitled pieces are not intended to represent anything. "What you see is what there is," says Morris. Since 1962, Morris watchers have seen him exhibit an 8-ft.-square slab of painted plywood, a tangled knot of rope, a pile of dirt, and himself, nude but covered with mineral oil, moving slowly across a stage while clasped

do his thing, the museum took on the look of a midtown Manhattan construction site.

There were even sidewalk superintendents—interested museumgoers who were invited to watch the artist at work. "We've dispensed with a formal opening so people can see how such large-scale sculpture gets here in the first place," says Marcia Tucker, the Associate Curator who organized the show. "Morris is dealing with ways of perceiving that are native to us all, with the feeling of gravity pulling things down, with the sense of size and weight, with things that fall and collapse. This way the public can take part in the process."

Massive Stacks. The installation had its spectacular moments. For his biggest piece, Morris set up a 96-ft.-long framework of steel pipes and heavy wooden

DAVID CAKE



SCULPTOR MORRIS & WORKS AT THE WHITNEY
With the feeling of gravity pulling things down.

in the arms of a lovely female dancer. Not everyone agrees about the value of these displays. But they have won 39-year-old Morris recent retrospectives at Washington's Corcoran Gallery and the Detroit Institute of Arts. And last week New York's Whitney Museum presented six new pieces, including Morris' biggest indoor sculpture to date.

Public Process. Materials for the new sculptures included eleven huge concrete blocks weighing as much as 1,500 lbs. apiece, 15 two-in.-thick steel plates weighing between 2,400 lbs. and 4,000 lbs. each and 80 unwieldy wooden beams of the type that carried traffic on Manhattan's Sixth Avenue during recent subway construction. To make room, the Whitney cleared away all the partitions in its 108-ft.-long third-floor gallery. As workmen moved in with gantries, forklifts and hydraulic jacks to help Morris

beams, then with a tall, spindly gantry dropped concrete blocks at intervals along it, creating a series of floor-shaking crashes. The end result somewhat resembles a gigantic line-up of jackstraws and dominoes or an oversized split-rail fence weighed down with paving stones. Four days later the second biggest piece was ready for similar finishing touches. Because of the fear of falling timbers, the public was excluded, but the Whitney's third floor was alive with press photographers, television cameramen and reporters. Unfortunately, the operation was a dud. Two massive stacks of 26-ft. subway construction beams were supposed to spread out fanwise when jacked up and tipped over on the floor. But they proved too heavy to do more than topple a little, and the job of spreading them had to be done by workmen with crowbars. "It doesn't look like the model," said

Morris meditatively when the workmen were through, "but it's all right." Whatever one thought about that, one thing at least seemed clear: if less is more, as some aestheticians claim, Minimalist Morris is the most.

Glories of the Hunt

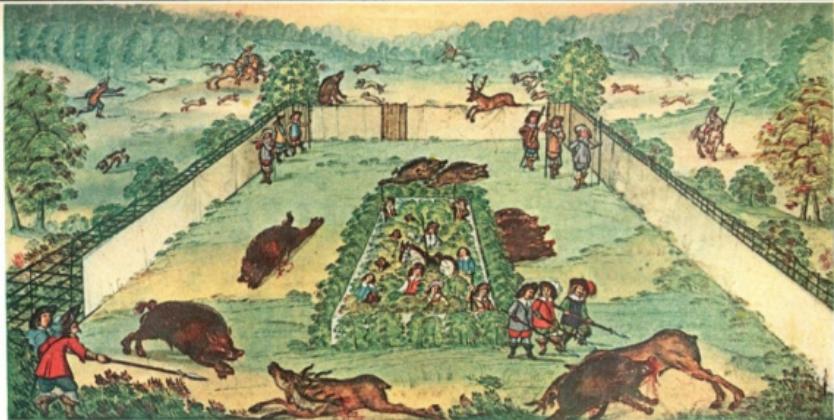
"A nobleman he was; greatly did his hounds love him." So did one medieval minstrel apostrophize his hero, suggesting that a good hunting dog might be a duke's best friend. He was not far off. Hounds were often treated better than serfs. Huge preserves were set aside for game, and poachers were punished with mutilation or death. In fact, "venery" (the kind practiced in the field rather than the bed) even had the approval of the church, which exhorted dukes and princelings to engage in hunting to avoid the sin of indolence. In addition, the clergy often blessed the hounds before the hunt.

The chase reached a peak of sorts on the great estates of 17th century Germany. Johann Casimir, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, was renowned particularly for his great bear and boar hunts, bred to the size of yearling steers. To record his chases, Duke Casimir hired a court painter named Wolfgang Birkner. The result was one of the most complete hunting chronicles ever produced.

The original series of watercolors has since disappeared, but after Casimir's death in 1633, Birkner set about doing another hunting book as a memorial to the duke. He copied many of his own drawings from the first series, added depictions of lark netting, partridge and duck hunting. For years, this second hunting "book" lay quietly in the library of the Friedenstein castle in Gotha, East Germany. Merrill Lindsay, a Manhattan gun collector, heard about its existence while attending a conference in Rome last year. Lindsay launched what proved to be elaborate negotiations to get the book into the hands of competent printers and copied. The result is a superb facsimile edition of 39 prints, published last year in Leipzig and now in New York as *The Hunting Book of Wolfgang Birkner* (Winchester Press and October House; \$17.50).

Little is known about Birkner other than that he was born in Bayreuth in 1582. He was commissioned by Casimir to do eight designs for the baptismal font at the city church in Bayreuth, and between 1616 and 1630 he completed 24 oils that are now in the Coburg art collection. He painted a portrait of himself as a rifleman, and also one of the duke. But the hunting book was his most important work. He very likely sketched from life, since he often portrays himself sitting in a corner of the picture, sketch pad in hand.

Faithful Eye. The 17th century German hunter was nothing at all like today's typical American sportsman, who tramps through the woods in wool cap and squishy boots, hoping for a lucky shot. Venery was as ritualized as



HUNTING IN THE GRAND STYLE: Behind artful ambush, German noblemen wait for quarry to be driven past.



Beaters herd bears into strong rope nets for the hunters' convenience.

At hunt's end, servants spread out the game in handsome arabesques while the hunters banquet.





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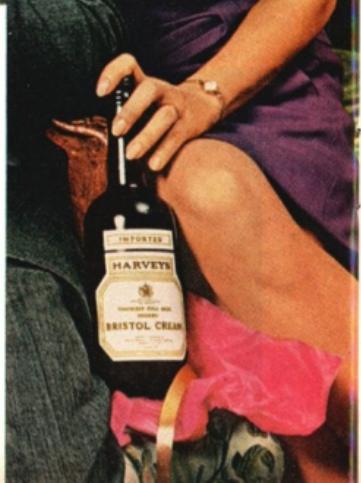
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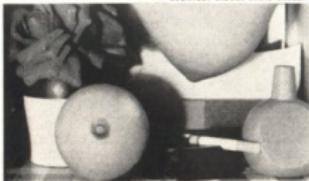
catechism. A clumsy hunter was publicly chastised by "blading," a ceremony in which he was forced to lie down across a dead stag and receive three swats from the flat of a broad knife. All the hard work was done by the peasants, who erected the high cloth barriers or rope nets into which bear or deer were driven. At dawn, the whole party set off, proceeding according to rank in carriages drawn by four or six horses. Beaters drove the game into the enclosures where the hunters waited in comfort. Nobody got any mud on his elegant boots. If the duke missed killing a boar or a bear, his retainers were at hand to protect him from the wounded quarry.

No hunting diary of Casimir's has been found, but some idea of the number of game taken on such chases can be had from accounts left by two neighboring dukes, Electors Johann George I and II, who together killed no fewer than 228,478 animals, including more than 110,000 deer. Birkner had none of the great compositional powers of Cranach or Velázquez, both of whom painted accounts of the chase. But Casimir could not have wished for a more faithful descriptive artist. Birkner spared no blood or gore, and no detail escaped his eye. At the same time, he had a charming ability to enhance the pageantry and develop from the hunt's complicated rituals a sense of overall design and patterning, that same delicate blend of description and naïveté that marks the best of the Currier and Ives illustrations.

Still Life

Pop Artist Tom Wesselmann's Great American Nudes have long been a fixture of the gallery and museum scene. These chromatic cuties—or selected parts of their anatomy—are usually molded in plastic or painted in hot, bright oils and acrylics, but the current show at New York's Sidney Janis Gallery features the bust of a real live girl. The work, a three-dimensional still life, is contained in a box firmly set into a tightly closed door. Every Saturday between 2 and 4:30 p.m. the breast projects from a hole in the top amongst the painted wooden models of an orange, an ashtray and a bottle of perfume—all in scale. The rest of the girl is lying on a foam-rubber-covered scaffolding, safely out of sight and usually reading a book for her graduate studies in political science at Columbia University.

COURTESY SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY



WESSELMANN'S "BOX"
Really three-dimensional.

Hello, Goodbye, Hello

England might have been less shocked to find Buckingham Palace transformed into the Royal Arms Motel. A great British institution—and perhaps the Empire's most far-flung export since the Thin Red Line—seemed in peril. From Liverpool to Piccadilly, the cries of anguish rent the air: "The Beatles are dead!"

The cause of all the gloom was Paul McCartney, the group's supremely gifted songwriter, singer and guitarist, who was just bringing out a solo LP all his own. Entitled *McCartney*, logically enough, the record package was decorated with color pictures—of Paul McCartney. It also contained a provocative interview with McCartney, parts of which somehow got to the press last week before the record went on sale.

Asked if he liked working solo, McCartney replied: "Very much, I only had me to ask for a decision, and I agreed with me." Asked if he missed working with the other Beatles, especially when recording, he said, pointedly, "No." Why had he broken with the Beatles at all? Said McCartney: "Personal differences, business differences, musical differences, but most of all because I have a better time with my family."

Specific Trouble. How dead was dead? As a business entity, the Beatles are contractually bound together for seven more years. They already have in the can one joint LP (*Let It Be*) that will be released soon, as well as one film. But since the death of the group's brilliant manager Brian Epstein in 1967, the Beatles have had, for them, rather a lean and hungry time. Record sales roll on and on, but Apple Corps Ltd., their business organization, has been plagued by dissension and failed projects. There has been specific trouble over Allen Klein, Apple's business manager, whom McCartney dislikes. McCartney's action could therefore put in jeopardy the future of the Beatles as a performing group—or rather as a recording and film-making group, since that is all the four have collaborated on for years.

As much as anything, though, the Beatles' current problem is linked to a whole new direction in pop music. It has to do with a de-escalation of what might be called rock music's group consciousness and a rising enthusiasm for solo artistry. Though the other Beatles are said to disapprove of McCartney's project, in recent months John Lennon has cut four albums by himself, Harrison two and Ringo one. Obviously, as talented a composer and performer as McCartney could not sit idly by while all that was going on.

McCartney, to be released in the U.S. this week, is what used to be called a tour de force; today the phrase is "ego trip." Paul wrote all 14 songs, sings all the lead parts, plays all the instruments. In mood



MCCARTNEY WITH DAUGHTER
Retreat into individuality.

and style, the disk marks the same kind of return to simple pleasures, and a simple, countrified way of saying them, that characterizes Bob Dylan's recent work. One song especially, the Nashville Sound-ing *Every Night* ("Every night I just wanna stay out and be with you"), seems to be a genuine salute to Dylan's *Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with You*. The album could well be called McCartney's *Nashville Skyline*.

Overall, the new album is good McCartney—clever, varied, full of humor—but it is nothing to match his past pop classics, particularly *Yesterday*, *Michele* and *Hey, Jude*. His lyrics are best when least pretentious, as in *Junk*, a kind of sentimental word jamboree: "Bye, bye, says the sign in the shop window/ Why, Why, says the junk in the yard." *Maybe I'm Amazed*, however, is a pale echo of the choral sumptuousness of McCartney's *The End*, which served as the coda to *Abbey Road*, the hit 1969 Beatle album.

Anyone who reflects sadly that one Beatle is bound to be less good than four may draw some encouragement from recent history. Last year reports of Paul McCartney's death—and replacement by a double—helped stir enormous sales for *Abbey Road*. Reports of the Beatles' death will certainly not do *McCartney*—or that upcoming LP *Let It Be*—any harm in the world's record shops.

If there are appropriate words to describe the situation in all its delicate imbalance, perhaps they can be found in the Beatles' own lyrics for *Hello, Goodbye*:

*You say yes, I say no.
You say stop, I say go, go, go.
Oh, no.
You say goodbye and I say hello, hello, hello . . .*

The Answer Is the Question

We should have questions on everything, about everything.

—Bernard J.F. Lonergan

CANADIAN Jesuit Bernard J.F. Lonergan is considered by many intellectuals to be the finest philosophic thinker of the 20th century. This month, 77 of the best minds in Europe and the Americas—critics and admirers, Protestants, Roman Catholics and agnostics—gathered to examine Lonergan's profoundly challenging work at rural St. Leo College near Tampa, Fla.

Many of the names were celebrated: English Philosopher Elizabeth Anscombe, smoking her trademark cigar, Radical Poet Kenneth Rexroth, Expatriate Catholic Theologian Charles Davis, Biblical Scholar John L. McKenzie, Protestant Theologian Langdon Gilkey, U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy. As McCarthy said of the assemblage, which included mathematicians and scientists as well as theologians and philosophers: "You would have to spend ten years going around the world to find all these people."

All-Embracing Theory. Such a constellation of scholars attested to a renewed and heightened interest in Lonergan, who is now writing extensively again after recuperating from a 1965 operation for lung cancer. That they came from so many disciplines demonstrated that Lonergan's influence has gone far beyond his original field of theology. In fact, says Fordham Jesuit Bernard Tyrell, Lonergan has become a true "philosopher of culture": in his grasp of the process of understanding that underlies every science, he is the 20th century counterpart of a Renaissance man.

The effort, nonetheless, began with Lonergan's theology. As a teacher of seminarians for 25 years—including twelve years at Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University—Lonergan recognized that a persuasive theology could only be based on a thoroughgoing study of how theologians think. This led him to immerse himself deeply in epistemology, the study of man's knowing process.

Ultimately, his studies produced what is thus far his masterpiece, *Insight*, published in 1957. In this book and in later papers, he develops an all-embracing theory of knowledge that includes every area of human understanding, not least of them the awareness of God. Though Lonergan grafts from the scholastic tradition of St. Thomas Aquinas, he has long since gone beyond Thomism, much as Aquinas transcended Aristotle. His particular distinction is that he shares modern philosophy's concern for each man's uniqueness, and sees man's own self-understanding as the key to understanding the universe around him. He thus echoes the Athenian ex-

hortation *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*—know thyself.

Lonergan insists that his method is rigorously empirical. His *Insight* devotes some 750 pages to a closely reasoned demonstration that the same process of understanding that applies to "insights" in mathematics and the physical sciences also applies to theology. To a neophyte, he will patiently explain that it all boils down to three questions: "What am I doing when I am knowing? Why that is knowing? What do I know when I do that?"

Lonergan's method is his own, but he clearly owes a debt to the phenomenologists, particularly to German Phi-



LONERGAN AT CONFERENCE
The ultimate horizon.

losopher Edmund Husserl. For the phenomenologist, the material evidence of a perceived object is screened by the dynamic (and very personal) phenomenon of the act of knowing. Husserl developed this into the idea of "horizon"—the vastness or narrowness of the world a man perceives. For Husserl, a man's horizon is limited by his perspective: his environment, his loves and fears, his interests and prejudices.

Adapting this idea of horizon, Lonergan makes it part of his theory of knowledge. A man can alter his horizon by recognizing it as a limitation on his ability to know—indeed, as a limitation on the very questions that he must ask in order to know. He can open himself to information from outside his horizon, use that information to formulate new questions, and continue to grow. By thus transcending his limitations, a man undergoes "conversion," which may be moral, intellectual, social or religious. In Lonergan's ap-

proach to theology, which he will spell out in detail in a forthcoming major work to be called *Method in Theology*, the ultimate horizon is an openness to an experience of God.

Rational Authority. The issue of Lonergan's approach to God became a principal focus of criticism at the Florida meeting, where Lonergan specialists were more than matched by "critical respondents." The participants heatedly debated whether any such system as Lonergan's could any longer hope to embrace all knowledge, and especially whether it could provide a proof of the existence of God. "He comes up with an argument for God out of the blue sky," objected Georgetown University's Louis Dupre. "He develops a concept of being into a concept of God."

Chicago Divinity School's Langdon Gilkey conceded that Lonergan's theological method has an "uneasy relationship" to his scientific method, but he applauded Lonergan's overall thought. "He has imbibed the empirical, the hypothetical, the tentative," said Gilkey. "Yet within it he has a structure that breaks the back of relativism." Gilkey agrees with Boston College Philosopher David Rasmussen that, for Catholicism, Lonergan may be the liberating force that Friedrich Schleiermacher was for 19th century Protestantism. But for liberal Protestants, Gilkey notes, Lonergan could provide something of a brake to excessive subjectivism. "He has a way of freeing one from authority, yet setting up a rational authority."

Lonergan, who attended the congress sessions in a seldom-varying uniform of plaid sports shirt, slacks and windbreaker, listened attentively to both praise and criticism. At 65, with only one lung, he was remarkably energetic throughout the grueling week-long conference, dutifully setting aside spare moments to read many of the 700,000 words that participants had written about him. "I don't care whether they agree with me or disagree with me," he said. "What matters is that they are here, talking with each other." Seminarian Joseph Collins, a well-to-do young activist who personally paid travel expenses for the participants, marveled at the quality of the debate: "I really didn't think they could interact."

Jesuit Joseph Flanagan, a longtime Lonergan scholar, was much less surprised. For Flanagan, Lonergan's method "not only includes but demands interdisciplinary dialectic. We must learn from one another." To do otherwise, says Flanagan, simply contributes to "the pool of misunderstanding" that in Lonergan's thought lies at the source of so many of mankind's woes.

Major Catalyst. Some critics charge that Lonergan's thought is inhibited by his need to justify Catholic dogma. Charles Davis, British theologian who broke completely with the Catholic Church, admitted at the conference that "I should never have been able to leave the church had it not been for reading Lonergan. I did not have to destroy my

past. I could grow out of it." Nonetheless, Davis said, Lonergan has always been an apologist for the church, and his search for a secure foundation for dogma still "governs the whole enterprise."

Others who have been influenced by Lonergan also see him, in a somewhat different focus, as a major catalyst in their thinking. Notre Dame's David Burrell and John Dunne, Chicago Divinity School's David Tracy, and Humanities Professor Michael Novak of the State University of New York, all studied under Lonergan at the Gregorian, and each attributes his own free-roaming theological method to Lonergan's influence. "Insight gave me the freedom to go on through trusting my own understanding," says Burrell. "It is not the system," says Dunne, "but what Lonergan does. He moves from one horizon to another while talking about insight. It is a voyage of discovery." For Tracy, whose book *The Achievement of Bernard Lonergan* will be published next month, Lonergan means: "You can't cheat. You know what is demanded of real thinking." Michael Novak finds Lonergan's importance in the fact that all education is the developing of insights. But "this is not a school of philosophy," warns Novak. "Nobody can have your insights for you. If you make a school out of Lonergan, you've missed the point."

Perilous Adventure. Lonergan himself insists that "there is no such thing as a Lonerganian"; by its very nature, he says, his method "destroys totalitarian ambitions." *Insight* is "a way of asking people to discover in themselves what they are." Yet the very openness of Lonergan's method, notes Utrecht University Theologian Henri Nouwen, makes his

approach to self-realization a perilous personal adventure. The answer to intellectual blindness—or *scotosis*, as Lonergan calls it by its Greek name—is that each human being must lay himself open to the sheer terror of self-discovery.

Lonergan repeatedly emphasizes that self-discovery demands considerable individual responsibility. In a recent essay on "The Absence of God in Modern Culture," he points out that honest concern for the future of the world must begin with self-transcendence. "If it is not just high-sounding hypocrisy," Lonergan concludes, "concern for the future supposes rare moral attainment. It calls for what Christians name heroic charity."

Some of his critics object that such earnest expressions of Christian love are all too rare in Lonergan's work—that he is too rational, that the dimensions of feeling are absent. Lonergan replies simply that love is already at the heart of the matter. "Being-in-love is a fact. It's a first principle. Being-in-love doesn't need any justification, just as you don't explain God. God is the ultimate explanation. Love is something that proves itself."

Lonergan does not pretend to comprehend everything, but only to offer a dynamic viewpoint in which everything may be seen to be part of an interrelated whole. It is at heart a simple method but, like Jesus' great commandment of love, it is not easy. Critics who say that it offers too many answers do not grasp the essential Lonergan. What he may offer, for many people, is too many challenges. Despite the promise of an ultimate horizon, there is in that offer no solid assurance of an answer that can be grasped in mortal life. There is only the tantalizing guarantee of a continuing question.

The Quotable Lonergan

FATHER LONERGAN is known for dense, often excruciatingly abstruse prose. Yet somehow he can turn a masterly phrase when the right insight inspires him and on occasion be not only aphoristic but almost poetic. A sampling, beginning with a passage from the preface to *Insight* that seems prophetic in describing some of the ailments of contemporary society:

"The flight from understanding blocks the insights that concrete situations demand. There follow unintelligent policies and inept courses of action. The situation deteriorates to demand still further insights, and, as they are blocked, policies become more unintelligent and action more inept. What is worse, the deteriorating situation seems to provide the uncritical, biased mind with factual evidence in which the bias is claimed to be verified. So in ever-increasing measure intelligence comes to be regarded as irrelevant to practical living. Human activity settles down to

a decadent routine, and initiative becomes the privilege of violence."

"In the main it is not by introspection but by reflecting on our living in common with others that we come to know ourselves. What is revealed? It is an original creation. Freely the subject makes himself what he is; never in this life is the making finished; always it is in process, always it is a precarious achievement that can slip and fall and shatter."

—Gregorianum, 1963

"The Church always arrives on the scene a little breathless and a little late."

"Feeling is the mass and momentum of human living. Experience, understanding and judgment without feeling are paper-thin."

"A philosophy is an individual becoming himself."

—Lonergan Congress, 1970



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SPORT

Número Uno

In the Cantabrian ports under a steely drizzle, the boats lie abandoned, as if it were a night of atomic catastrophe. Now 30 million people clench their jaws and trace terrible right-hand uppercuts in their mind's eye. A farmer near Cestona is said to have wagered he will eat his motorcycle tires should the challenger fail to win.

So ran part of the pre-fight coverage in Madrid's daily *Pueblo*, and the dramatic, portentous tone was by no means inappropriate. All Spain was indeed locked into the recent match between West Germany's Peter Weiland and the new idol of Iberia, José Manuel Urtain.

shadowboxing is prototypically Basque, not only in physique but also in the delight he takes in exercising his remarkable strength. And in betting on it.* Stone lifting is a passion among the Basques, and as a youth Urtain never missed a chance to accept a wager. At the age of ten he won 25 pesetas for moving a 175-lb. stone from a pathway; at 14 he acquired a chicken by hefting a 300-lb. stone five straight times. He turned pro at 21 but soon ran out of competition, even though he gave his opponents ever larger handicaps. Barely taxing his 19-in. biceps, he set his official record with a 414-lb. stone, lifting it 14 successive times before stopping; the rest of the field sensibly quit. Urtain had become a champion without chal-

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URTAIN HEFTING STONE



URTAIN HITTING WEILAND

Alternative to bad bulls and mediocre matadors.

tain, 26, a heavy-thewed, bull-necked Basque whose professional record showed 27 fights and 27 knockouts.

All that Matters. Two nights later, that record was not even remotely jeopardized. At 1:37 of the seventh round, Weiland hit the canvas for the fourth and last time. No matter, really, that Weiland, a flabby 232 lbs., had fairly waddled around the ring, that at one point he had all but apologized to Urtain for landing a punch, that after he had been counted out he bounced back to his feet. What did matter to the sell-out crowd of 13,000 at Madrid's Sports Palace was that Spain had its first European heavyweight champion in 37 years—and at last Spanish sport had a *Número Uno* to lead the nation out of the doldrums of bad bulls and mediocre matadors.

The man who has his countrymen

lengers and without a career. Two years ago he decided to turn to boxing.

It took Urtain barely 17 seconds to belt his first professional opponent through the ropes. Since then, he has averaged about five minutes to a knockout, or slightly less than two rounds per fight. In so doing, he has generated a furious debate between those who regard his opponents as so many patsies and those who see him as a "Titan," "a Hercules," a larger-than-life hero who is miraculously real. Intensifying the "hurricanes of polemic," as one sportswriter puts it, is Urtain's utter lack of finesse as a boxer. He is as unpolished as the stones he used to lift, a slugger who at every out-

* Urtain's father used to win bets by lying on the floor of the family tavern and allowing booted farmers weighing well over 200 lbs. to jump off a counter onto his chest. He died of an ulcer.

ing shows a pervasive ignorance of his trade's finer points. Basically, he is a swarming, dervish-like flail who leaves ringside observers arguing about which was the actual knockout punch.

How he would fare against a rated U.S. heavyweight such as Jimmy Ellis or Leotis Martin is anyone's guess. There is considerable question as to how well Urtain can take a punch; his jaw seemed suspiciously fragile in the Weiland fight when a patty-cake left by the West German put him in a daze for a few moments. Still, Spaniards have ultimate faith in their boy. Insists Roberto Duque, president of the Spanish Boxing Federation: "If Urtain ever learns to box, he'll be world champion."

Then There Were Four

In the final scramble for Stanley Cup play-off slots, the National Hockey League's East Division almost came apart. Along with winners and losers, the battle produced a controversy that will undoubtedly lead to major changes in how teams qualify for Cup play.

Into the center of the excitement skated New York's hot-and-cold Rangers. On top of the standings for 3½ months, they had fallen into an injury-riddled slump. With only one game remaining, they were in fifth place, virtually eliminated from the four-team play-offs. Their only hope was to defeat the Detroit Red Wings in the final game—and pray that the Chicago Black Hawks would obligingly beat the fourth-place Montreal Canadiens. That would produce a tie for fourth. Then the prized play-off slot would go to the team that had scored the most goals during the season. In that department, Montreal had a formidable margin of five.

The Rangers did not fold. Instead, they simply blew Detroit off the Madison Square Garden ice. In the process, New York stickhandlers took an astounding 65 shots at Goalie Roger Crozier; he stopped only 56, and the Rangers won 9-5, their highest score of the year. Now if only Chicago could beat Montreal and hold them to four goals or less, the Rangers would have their shot at the Cup.

Empty Net. That night, the New Yorkers clustered around their radios, picking up the game on such distant stations as CBM, Montreal, and WBJ, Boston. With half a period left, things looked good: Chicago's Rookie Goalie Tony Esposito (TIME, March 9) was in top form as the Black Hawks deflected Montreal 5-2.

At that point, Canadian Coach Claude Ruel, knowing his team was not only beaten but behind New York in goals scored, pulled his goalie in favor of an extra forward—just as the Rangers had yanked their goalie that afternoon in order to pile up scores against Detroit. But the Canadian strategy backfired: Chicago's defense held, and the Hawks poured five goals of their own into the empty Canadiens net to win a 10-2 fiasco. For the first time in the history of



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the league, a play-off spot was determined by goals scored: New York 246, Montreal 244.

It was also the first time in 22 years that Montreal was not a Cup contender. The prospect miffed the Canadiens: many of them felt that Detroit had rolled over and played dead against New York. "That was an awful way for the Red Wings to finish up the season," said Yvan Cournoyer. "Those guys have no pride." His fellow-Canadiens felt that many Detroit regulars—Aging Stars Alex Delvecchio and Gordie Howe among them—had been used too sparingly. They were incensed when Detroit's Gary Unger cheerily admitted on TV that the team had stayed up late the night before the final game, celebrating its own play-off berth. Red Wing Coach Sid Abel, looking ahead to the play-offs, did nothing to soothe Montreal: "Why should I tell my guys to go out there and bang their heads against the wall? I can rest my players if I want to. That's my prerogative."

N.H.L. President Clarence Campbell obviously agreed, and talk of "investigation" soon faded. Even so, Campbell seemed certain to push for the elimination of the goals-scored criterion as a means of choosing between otherwise deadlocked teams. "Every sporting event implies an offense and a defense," he said, and in the empty-net games in New York and Chicago "no defense was required. That's not the way to play; I'm not satisfied with the system." Among the most logical alternatives under consideration: how the teams involved fared against each other during the course of the season.

Dramatic Turnabout. All but overlooked in the rhubarb was the fact that Chicago, sixth and last in the East Division in 1969, had beaten out Boston for first place in the regular season standings—the most dramatic turnaround in N.H.L. history. The Hawks had been inspired by Esposito and Rookie Defenseman Keith Magnuson, yet their first-round Cup series with the Red Wings promised to revolve around the play of Old Pros Bobby Hull, Chicago's blond bomber, and Howe, Detroit's Mr. Everything. In the other Eastern semifinal, the revitalized Rangers were paired against Boston's Bruins, led by Bobby Orr—the first defenseman ever to win the league scoring title. But New York had a spark-plug defenseman of its own in young All-Star Brad Park. While Park was out with a broken ankle, the Rangers lost 10 of 16 games; his return in the final week was vital to the team's success.

As the play-offs began, Boston and Chicago both jumped off to 2-0 series leads, thanks to decisive home-ice victories. Regardless of the outcome, that agonizing last weekend had produced one final twist: with Montreal and Toronto finishing out of the money, the Stanley Cup was a strictly U.S. affair for the first time in the history of the league.

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MODERN LIVING

World's Fair, Asian Style

THE soft, bamboo-covered Senri Hills, which slope gently skyward beyond the city of Osaka, have for centuries been home only to snakes and a host of insects. Not any more; at least, not for the moment. Today the Senri range, the site of Japan's gaudy Expo '70, throbs with life. After only four weeks, the turnstiles at the 815-acre, 73-nation exhibit have clicked off 8,500,000 visitors. The one-day high: 441,000, about equal to the entire population of Buffalo, N.Y. Before the rising sun sets on the 183-day extravaganza, some 50 million Japanese (plus 1,000,000 foreigners) are expected to have visited the grounds. Without a doubt, Expo '70 will be one of the most popular world's fairs in history.

The fair has plenty to offer the Japanese and wondrous sights to please the eye of the international fair-hopper. The U.S. Pavilion, where the lines and the wait (as much as five hours) are the longest, is most popular. Sports and space—sure winners in Japan—dominate the "Images of America" theme. By far the biggest attraction of the pavilion—and the fair—is a moon rock brought back by Apollo astronauts. The crowds are also taken with an Andy Granatelli turbo-car and, in baseball-crazy Japan, by Babe Ruth's old Yankee uniform and

locker. The space display is understated and effective. Alan Shepard's *Freedom 7* Mercury spacecraft, Gemini 12 and the command module of Apollo 8 are suspended just above visitors' heads; a lunar landing vehicle perches like a water bug near the moon rock. There is plenty of Pop art, courtesy of Andy Warhol and sundry American artists, but they have been upstaged by an American exhibit (Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth, among others) from New York City's Metropolitan Museum.

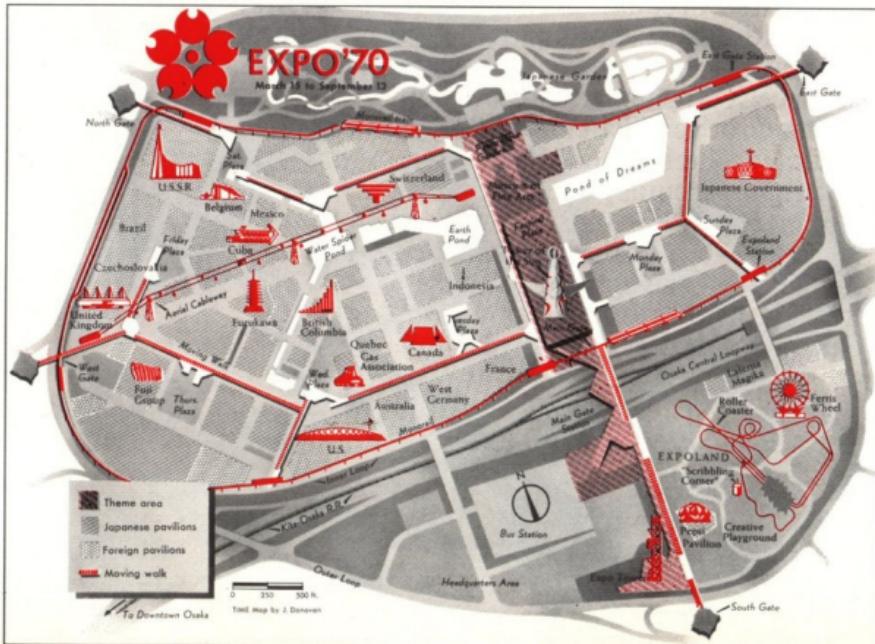
Siberian Forest. If the U.S. Pavilion is subtly propagandistic, the Soviet (two to three hours' wait) is strictly hard-sell. The visitor is immediately overwhelmed by an Orwellian film of Lenin haranguing a crowd. Since Russia is pushing the centennial of Lenin's birth (TIME, April 13), there is an inevitable glass case filled with Lenin artifacts, including his Communist Party ID card. Perhaps the most startling experience for a visitor is to step off an escalator and find himself in a remarkable, lifelike Siberian forest, complete with cool breezes and chirping birds. The Soviet space exhibit, emphasizing the Soyuz complex, is decidedly more dramatic than the U.S. display.

Canada's exhibit ranks next in popularity. It boasts soaring mirrored walls

and rustic wood facing under colorful revolving umbrellas, and is the best-managed exhibit of the fair; 4,000 people move completely through it each hour. Five separate films underscore Canada's youthful exuberance, a theme reinforced by the hard-rocking discotheque that opens late in the afternoon at the Quebec Pavilion.

Inside other pavilions, there are some adroit and intriguing touches. The Mexican Pavilion features Aztec relics from the Mexico City National Museum of Anthropology, set off by a mariachi band. The Indians and Hawaiians have improvised a pacifier for impatient queues: luscious dancing girls in native costumes. For comic relief, there is the Cuban Pavilion, festooned with love portraits of Castro and Che Guevara counterpointed by hate pictures of Batista and bлоated capitalists.

Although its happy theme was particularly inappropriate after last week's disaster in downtown Osaka (see THE WORLD), the Japanese Gas Association's pavilion has been a favorite of the crowds. In addition to its collection of amusing works by Joan Miró, it has a continuous screen showing of skits by a Japanese comedy team called the Crazy Cats. In Japan's highly popular Steel Pavilion, 1,300 loudspeakers emit a cacophony of music. Visitors are also transfixed by the mechanized Noguchi fountains in the Pond of Dreams, especially by Comet, which rises 108 ft. out of the water and at night resembles a





In Expo 70's "Pond of Dreams," nine motorized fountains by famed Japanese Sculptor Isamu Noguchi rise from water and descend again in floodlit splendor. Below, in

the American Pavilion, space-conscious Japanese form long queues to catch a glimpse of the biggest single hit in the fair: a piece of moon rock brought back by Apollo 11.

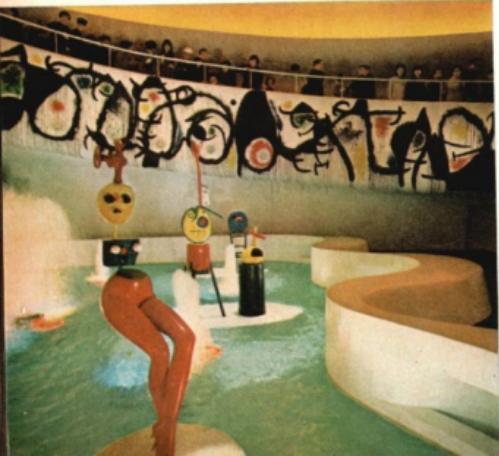


Mirrored columns and twirling umbrella tops serve as counterpoint to team of ice skaters in Canadian Pavilion (right).



René Roubíček's all-glass sculpture towers 16 feet above onlookers in Czech Pavilion (above), which emphasizes exhibits of visual beauty.

Japanese Gas Association Pavilion is filled with lighthearted works by Joan Miró, including "Water Garden of Fantastic Humor" (below).



A concrete "Scribbling Corner" for compulsive graffiti writers turns customary defacement by patrons into a bright asset.

huge rocket leaving the launching pad.

The Czech exhibit is the most original and aesthetically creative at the fair—a repeat of that country's triumph at the 1958 World Exhibition in Brussels. The pavilion is dominated by two spiraling pieces of modern glass sculpture. Among the imposing welded sculpture and cast-glass figures of the main pavilion, there is an immense iron bell, which visitors are invited to toll. In Expoland (the amusement area), the Czechs are showing an improved version of *Laterna Magika*, the combination of multi-projector movie wall and live acting that was the hit of Montreal's Expo 67.

Samurai Valor. Logistical problems are practically a world's-fair tradition, and Japan's has its share. Expo '70's biggest headache is overpopulation. The guards display samurai valor in coping with the surging crowds, but their methods may be disquieting to the Occidental. If the unsuspecting visitor fails to respond quickly enough to their directions, bellowed through bullhorns, he stands in danger of being trampled by the fast-moving Japanese, who are accustomed to reacting promptly—and in large groups—to orders from guards. There are long lines—and as much as a five-hour wait to get into the most popular pavilions.

Only the boldest and bravest of Westerners will tread upon the moving sidewalks or the brimming monorail, which always looks as if it is carrying troops to the front. One group of elderly ladies piled up on the sidewalk like dominoes; 42 of them were injured, and the walk was shut down for days. Electric shuttle cars, which generally have been immobilized by the huge crowds of pedestrians, may soon be taken out of service.

Little Innovation. Although walking is recommended, the footsore and weary fairgoer will have some difficulty replenishing spent energy. The food is generally better than it was at Expo 67, but the lines are once again a problem at the better restaurants (Belgian, French, Russian) and the service ranges from indifferent to abominable. Main-course prices usually run from \$2.50 to \$7. The most economical bets are the snack restaurants, where imitation hot dogs made from fish are only 20¢, tempura noodles 35¢, roast eel 56¢, fried chicken 84¢ and a Mongolian burger (thin barbecue) for \$1.40.

Another fault is the fair's lack of innovation. Many visitors have complained that they saw little that was basically different from what was presented at Montreal in 1967. Such observations from world travelers matter little to the Japanese, who are enjoying Asia's first world's fair to the fullest. In any case, Expo '70 is well worth the trip for the Westerner who has never seen a world's fair—or Japan. The crowds may sometimes be unnerving, but they are part of the fun. If anyone wanders astray, there is a smoothly functioning lost-and-found center to guide him back to his group. So far it has worked for several hundred wayward Japanese.

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ZSA ZSA & OTHER MITCHELL PARTY GUESTS BEFORE CONSERVATIVE TV SET

ing the first Oscar of his career. But Shirley's mouth fell agape—and suddenly silent—when British National Theater Star Maggie Smith (*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) won an upset victory as best actress. "Son of a gun!" marveled Hostess Gwen Davis. "They voted for a talent!" During Elizabeth Taylor's appearance on the screens, there were ribald comments about her cleavage, her saucer-sized diamond and her apparent fury over her husband Richard Burton's failure to win an Oscar for his performance in *Anne of the Thousand Days*. "Who is this?" asked Marvin. "She's grown up, I thought it was Shirley Temple Black." Comic Stanley Myron Handelman smirked: "She's got great elocution." But there was loud approval of her announcement of *Midnight Cowboy* as the best picture of the year.

While M.C. Bob Hope was making his embarrassingly reverent tribute to the film industry, the Mitchell guests tuned out ("Oh shut up, Bob Hope!" yelled Shirley MacLaine) and divvied up their own prizes for predicting the Oscar outcome. Jack Cassidy, a master student of the Academy's cynicism and sentimentality, scored a perfect seven out of seven and won a pair of cuff links. Ruth Berle, with three out of seven, took home a consolation award of an autographed glossy photo of Ruth Roman. Meanwhile, unwatched on any of the Mitchells' TV sets, Bob Hope was asking "How 'bout this show? It was a goody, wasn't it?"—unaware that he had missed the best show in town.

SHOW BUSINESS

Mocking the Mockery

It was Oscar time and, like moths to the flame, the chauffeured limousines glided through Beverly Hills and homed in on a giant arc light piercing the California night. As they arrived, the stars fussed with their see-through dresses, tie-dyes and black ties and then paraded up a red-carpeted walkway. The path did not lead, however, to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion and the 42nd annual Academy Award presentations. The setting instead was 9492 Rembert Lane and the occasion the "42nd Annual Mitchell Academy of Arts and Games"—actually the second annual gathering of a rump group of Hollywood headliners determined to mock the mockery of the Oscar presentations. TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton was there:

Among the guests of Producer Don Mitchell and his novelist wife Gwen Davis (*The Pretenders*) was Shirley MacLaine. She had spurned an Academy invitation this year to be a "Friend of Oscar" (award presenter). "People come to these parties," she explained, "to talk back to the myth." Lee Marvin, a 20-year screen veteran who has sat through the official Oscar event only once, the year he won ("Do you go for any other reason?"), was also there. "I'm enjoying myself this year," he said. "Any time they give you an award, you pay for it, baby. You sweat. And it's not good to sweat when you're dressed up in black tie and tux."

Ruth Berle, Milton's wife and a bellwether of In functions in movieland, chose the Mitchell soirée last week because she felt that there had been a decline in the Academy crowd of late. "I mean people like Claudia Cardinale and Candice Bergen as the 'Friends of Oscar,'" sniffed Mrs. Miltie. "The Oscar show is not an Oscar show unless Loretta Young or Bette Davis is there."

Not all of the 100 guests at the

Mitchell party were real stars. Unlike their counterparts at the Oscar awards, they were making no effort to hide their boredom and hostilities. To watch the ceremonies, they divided into groups before three TV sets labeled, respectively, Orthodox, Conservative and Reform. Drinks were bountifully provided, along with lox and cream cheese and mini-eggnogs.

The majority sat in the Conservative room, where it was sometimes difficult to hear over Zsa Zsa Gabor's stream of commentary. She was particularly vocal when *Hello, Dolly!* nominees were in contention. "Barbra Streisand is so distasteful," Zsa Zsa muttered scornfully. Zsa Zsa also had her say about the special Oscar given to Cary Grant "for sheer brilliance." "They are trying to show he's a great lover," she carpéd, "but they'll never prove it to me." In mock embarrassment, Pressagent Warren Cowan reprimanded Zsa Zsa: "I can't take you anymore." Actually Zsa Zsa's escort was Ron Postal, the Beverly Hills haberdasher who designed Richard Burton's dinner jacket and brocade waistcoat.

Wayne in Tears. The best supporting actor award to Gig Young, for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, was a crowd pleaser at the Mitchells, but the selection of Goldie Hawn (*Cactus Flower*) in the best supporting actress competition was loudly denounced as "a joke" by Ruth Berle. There was general dismay that neither Susannah York (*They Shoot Horses*) nor Dyan Cannon (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*) had won. Some guests booted John Wayne's triumph as best actor for *True Grit*, but the sound had approving overtones. "... the Viet Cong," snarled Lee Marvin. "Get those yellow bastards, John," exhorted Laugh-In Producer Ed Friendly. "Tell us about America, John," chimed in Shirley MacLaine, as the Duke wiped away a tear after receiv-

The Prime of Miss Downbeat

One of her directors calls her Miss Downbeat. Her hairdresser considers her a "depressive maniac." Friends more kindly describe her as "a hell of a vulnerable creature." Maggie Smith herself admits that she can never believe anything good will happen—and when it does, she worries about it.

Maggie had a lot to worry about last



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week. First, she won an Oscar for her witty and sympathetic portrayal of the title character in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Then, the night after the award, Maggie's opening performance in London's National Theater production of Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (TIME, Feb. 2) won glowing reviews and further enhanced her reputation in England, where at 35 she is already the leading actress of her generation. All of which only left her rather numb and glum amid the flowers in her dressing room at the Old Vic. "Everybody seems to be raving about the Oscar," she told TIME Correspondent Christopher Porterfield, "but I don't think it will do me that much good."

Maggie feels really alive only on-stage. "Everything is sharpened and heightened, and I know what I'm supposed to be," she says. "I feel safer." With her gifts, she should. The ultimate comment on Maggie's precise, disciplined style comes from Noel Coward, who directed her in a deliciously campy revival of his play *Hay Fever* at the National in 1964. Coward has a horror of "faffing," which is the affected hemming and hesitating that shatters the rhythm of a line or a scene and blurs its point. "Maggie," proclaims Sir Noel, "never faffs." Except offstage. There she talks with nervous, thoroughbred gestures, twiddling with her red hair and smoking too much.

Freckles and Braces. The daughter of a public-health pathologist in Oxford, Maggie grew up with freckles on her face and braces on her teeth. She still recalls her grandmother's remark to her mother when Maggie announced that she wanted to go into the theater: "Oh, you can't let her, not with that face." But it didn't keep her from working her way up from the prompter's chair to walk-on parts as a maid, and then to traditional repertory.

Soon she became the most discovered actress in England. She was one of Leonard Sillman's *New Faces of 1956*. Her performance in the title role of Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* in 1963 sparked a small but satisfying movement in London to change the title to *Maggie, Maggie*. Then she moved over to the National (where her husband, Robert Stephens, is now the associate director) and stunned the highbrows playing Desdemona to Laurence Olivier's Othello. "Every time, I was greeted as if I'd never been on a stage before," Maggie says, "and always I was Cinderella when the clock struck 12 and the critics went to bed."

Now, all that has changed in England as a result of her dazzling succession of roles, from *Miss Julie* to *The Country Wife*, in the nation's top classical theaters. Last week, post-Oscar, it also began to change in the U.S., where she had been a relative unknown. "It would be nice to think that I've made it at last," Maggie says doubtfully, "and that nobody will discover me any more."



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This new series will become a companion book to "The Dynamics of Change," available from Prentice-Hall, Dept. D, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

For your copy of the issue, "Markets of Change—Shelter", or information about any product shown here, please write: Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp., Dept. F-7, Room 864, Kaiser Center, Oakland, CA 94604.

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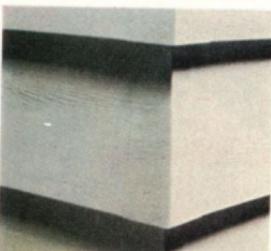
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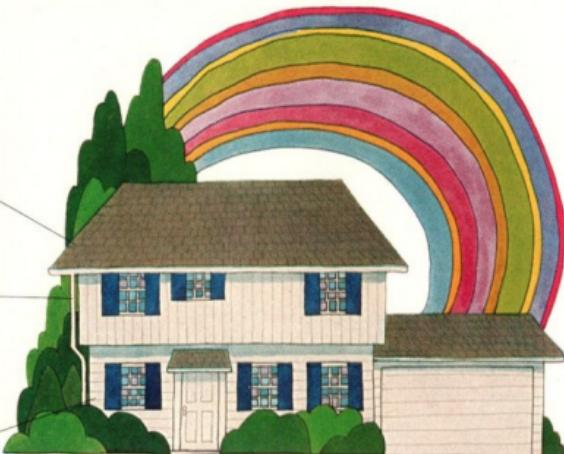
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Dewar's never varies.

MILESTONES

Born. To Arlo Guthrie, 22, hip folk singer recently featured in the film *Al's Restaurant*, and Jacklyn Hyde Guthrie, 24, his wife of six months; a son, their first child; in Great Barrington, Mass. Name: Abraham.

Married. Svetlana Alliluyeva, 44, Josef Stalin's only daughter, who astonished the world by defecting to the U.S. in 1967; and William Wesley Peters, 57, architect and vice president of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, whom she met less than a month ago while visiting the foundation; in a Quaker ceremony near Phoenix, Ariz.

Died. Maurice Stokes, 36, former Cincinnati Royals basketball star who was struck down by paralysis at the peak of his career; of a heart attack; in Cincinnati. A 6-ft. 7-in. forward, Stokes was a three-time National Basketball Association All-Star, second in the league in rebounds (18.1 a game) and averaging 16.9 points a game in 1958, when he was stricken by post-traumatic encephalopathy (paralysis caused by brain swelling). Aided by his teammates, who inaugurated the annual Maurice Stokes All-Star Game to raise funds for his therapy, he began a gallant struggle for recovery. Completely helpless at first, he eventually regained partial use of his hands and voice, but was confined to a wheelchair until his death.

Died. Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard, 46, Cleveland osteopath and central figure in a famed 1954 murder case; of as yet undetermined causes; in Columbus. After a nine-week trial that made headlines around the world, "Dr. Sam" was convicted of the brutal bludgeon murder of his wife Marilyn. Sentenced to life, he served nearly ten years before the Supreme Court upset his conviction in 1966 on the ground that "inherently prejudicial publicity" had prevented him from receiving a fair trial. Retired and acquitted (the murder weapon was never found), Sheppard married a German divorcee who had become his pen pal while he was in prison, and reopened his practice. Divorced in 1969 and harassed with malpractice suits, Sheppard became a professional wrestler, and five months before he died married the 20-year-old daughter of his manager.

Died. John O'Hara, 65, untiring and prolific cataloguer of 20th century U.S. manners and morals (*see page 38*).

Died. Mrs. Hope Goddard Iselin, 102, international socialite, noted horsewoman and sailor; in Aiken, S.C. Widow of Banker-Yachtsman Charles Oliver Iselin, she was the first American woman ever to sail as a member of an America's Cup crew (*Defender, Columbia; 1895-99*).



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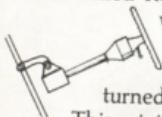
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Most cars turn by means of a steering system called Recirculating Ball. Here's how it works (bear with us, please):



When you turn the steering wheel, the steering column is turned.

This rotates the spiral drive gear.

Which moves the recirculating ball segment.
Which rotates the sector shaft.
Which moves a lever.
Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.
Sounds complicated? That's precisely our point.



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The Audi's wheels turn by means of a steering system called Rack-and-Pinion. And here's how it works:

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This creates horizontal movement of the rack.

Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels. Though you may not understand all the words, we're sure you can see how much sim-



pler and more direct our system is. (Fact is, considering the number of moving parts, it's the simplest steering system in the world.)

This simplicity and directness is why you get a better feel of the road with our steering system than you do with the others. And the better your feel of the road, the more control you have over the car—especially in those situations where split-second correction is so vital.

Rack-and-Pinion steering is just one of the Audi's many points of difference. It also has front-wheel drive. Inboard front disc brakes. Why this remarkable car even uses gas differently than most other cars.

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†Average of all tests run simultaneously by independent test fleet during last 12 months.

BUSINESS

A Run of Bad Luck in Gambling Stocks

141/2
In last summer's declining stock market, the shares of companies that own casinos in Las Vegas rose as high as gamblers' hopes. They have faded just as fast. A combination of boardroom battles, rumors of underworld links and Government investigations, reports TIME Correspondent Roger Beardwood from Las Vegas, have tarnished the investment luster of the gambling industry. The downward slide of casino companies' stocks has left many investors feeling as though they had fed the family fortune into a one-armed bandit.

"Skimming" Profits. The companies' winning streak started shortly after Invisible Billionaire Howard Hughes bought the Desert Inn and the Sands in 1967. Rumors ran through Wall Street: the Strip was becoming respectable. Mob-connected casino operators who had been hounded by the Internal Revenue Service for "skimming" profits before paying their taxes were selling out to a new generation of professional managers. And the new casino owners seemed to be on to a sure thing. Last year, for example, Las Vegas gaming tables took the gamblers for \$338 mil-

lion, 24% more than in 1968. But soon, casino company stocks were doing no better than the gamblers. Some recent performances:

► Parvin/Dohrmann Co., the hotel-equipment supply firm that bought the Aladdin, the Fremont and the Stardust, has seen its stock drop from a 1969 high of 141 $\frac{1}{2}$ a share to last week's 28 $\frac{1}{2}$. Last year the Securities and Exchange Commission accused company officials of manipulating the stock and making misleading statements about proposed mergers. For a while, Parvin/Dohrmann stock was suspended from trading. The SEC claimed that, at the behest of Company Chairman Delbert Coleman, Parvin/Dohrmann had paid Washington influence-peddler Nathan Voloshen \$50,000 in a vain attempt to raise the ban. In February, Coleman resigned and trading was resumed. Parvin/Dohrmann reported a profit of \$10.2 million for last year, compared with a \$618,000 loss in 1968. Its casinos made all of the money, but company officers said last week that they will change its name to Recrion Corp. because of "the adverse publicity."

► Continental Connector Corp., a mini-conglomerate that bought the Dunes, has experienced a stock drop from last year's high of 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ in mid-December, when the American Stock Exchange halted trading. The ban will be lifted when the company re-certifies its financial statements for the past three years. The SEC accused Continental Connector's management of issuing two proxy statements falsely stating that an audit, which included the Dunes, had been made in accordance with generally accepted accounting principles. As one result, the owners of the Golden Nugget casino have called off merger talks with Continental Connector.

► International Leisure Corp., which is controlled by Millionaire Kirk Kerkorian, bought the Flamingo and built the 1,519-bedroom International Hotel. Earnings more than doubled last year to \$6.5 million, but the company's stock plummeted from a 1969 high of 64 to last week's 13 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dragged down in part by the dismal image shared by many casino-owning companies, it also had troubles with the SEC. Last year International Leisure needed audited financial statements going back to 1964 for

a proposed stock offering. Company officers said that they could not supply the figures because the Flamingo's previous owners had refused to hand them over.

► Levin-Townsend Computer Corp., which owns the Bonanza, has suffered the sharpest decline of all the casino companies—an 87% fall from last year's high of 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ to last week's 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ a share. In the last nine months of 1969, the company had a \$15.9 million loss. Too small and poorly managed to compete with the giants, the Bonanza has been closed and may be sold. Unless they find a buyer, officials of Levin-Townsend say that they may be unable to pay off some notes held by Kerkorian, the previous Bonanza owner. In that case, they will have to give the casino back to him. Not all of Levin-Townsend's woes result from the gambling business. Its former chief, Howard Levin, was ousted by the board on charges of having made acquisitions without consulting directors (TIME, Feb. 2), and he is waging a proxy fight to return.

► Lum's Inc., a restaurant franchise company, paid \$60 million last fall

THE LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



FUN & GAMES IN LAS VEGAS
The biggest plunger is the stocks.

* Since their highs of last year, the paper value of Kerkorian's controlling holdings in International Leisure, Western Air Lines and MGM have shrunk by some \$497 million, to an estimated \$147 million. But Kerkorian has never been known to panic at a run of bad luck. He paid only \$4 each for his 5.4 million shares of International Leisure, and even after a 79% drop in market value, he is still nearly \$73 million ahead.



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for Caesars Palace; the price of the company's stock tumbled from 26¢ last November to last week's 8¢. The casino has been doing well, but Lum's other business has not been able to keep up. The company has changed its accounting method. Lum's recorded an 18% fall-off in net income for the six months ended Jan. 31; under the old accounting system, the drop would have been 77%.

► Del E. Webb Corp., the Phoenix-based construction company, owns the Sahara and the Thunderbird among others; its casinos are thriving, though its stock has dropped from 23¢ in 1969 to 10¢ last week. Contributing to the decline was a scandal that surfaced last month, when a Webb subsidiary sued the estate of a deceased Sahara official for \$500,000 that he was alleged to have siphoned out of the casino. Investigations have uncovered evidence of blackmail and possibly murder.

Overlapping Eavesdroppers. Everywhere they look, the public companies see trouble. They face higher labor costs: a 94-hour strike of kitchen workers and bartenders was settled last month for a 31 1/2% rise in wages and fringe benefits over three years. There are also political problems ahead. George Franklin, Clark County district attorney who may run for Governor this year, wants to ban public companies from holding gaming licenses. For one thing, he says, criminals can too easily violate Nevada law by buying into casinos through their local stockbroker. To ensure state control over the casinos, Franklin prefers that public companies rent them out to private operators.

All along the Strip, a small army of investigators—the D.A.'s men, SEC investigators, IRS and FBI agents—are getting in one another's way searching for information on cases ranging from suspected murder to income tax evasion, blackmail, embezzlement and stock fraud. It is probably no coincidence that some hotel and casino officials have left town in a hurry. Pierre P. Motteros, an analyst with Equity Research Associates, explains the entire situation with deliberate understatement: "I'm afraid that Las Vegas and casinos still have an image that deters conservative money."

THE ECONOMY

Brother, Can You Spare a Job?

The Nixon Administration's plan to stop inflation by deliberately stalling the economy is chipping away at the jobs of Middle America. As yet, the stall has produced no real relief from rising prices. Unemployment figures for March, released last week, showed the jobless rate up two-tenths of 1%, to 4.4%, highest since 1965. Altogether, 3,700,000 Americans were out of work—1,000,000 more than a year ago.

Until now, the blue-collar worker has carried the brunt. Last month white-collar unemployment showed its first sig-

nificant jump, from 3.8% to 4.1%. Easter-season retail hiring was lower than usual, and defense and aerospace layoffs began to hit engineers. One relieving statistic: last month black unemployment rose slowly (from 7% to 7.1%). Over the past year, the black unemployment rate has been rising only about half as fast as the overall rate. The "last-hired, first-fired" pattern may be fading.

Actually, the total number of employed people rose slightly last month, but 500,000 more started looking for jobs, which the economy could not provide. An unusually high proportion of the newcomers were women. They entered the labor force, explained Harold Goldstein of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, "either because the cost of living makes them want to earn more money or because of increasing unemployment of their husbands."

Bearish Bosses

Among business decision makers, optimism about the future of the economy is at its lowest level in years. That gloomy statistic comes from a survey of "executive confidence" by the marketing firm of Sindlinger & Co. In a three-week period ending early in April, a nationwide sample of 230 owners and managers was queried. Only 50.9% of them thought that business conditions, employment and their own incomes would not be worse six months from now. This was the smallest percentage since July 1960, just after the last recession began. In January 1969, when President Nixon was inaugurated, the confidence level stood at 87.9%. It has been dropping fairly steadily ever since.

The company also takes a poll of consumer confidence. For the first time, says President Albert E. Sindlinger, that survey shows marked regional variations. Confidence is still high in rural areas and the South, but it is low where defense, construction and consumer durable-goods industries are based. "Up until March of this year, the public generally pointed to high prices and inflation as the most important task facing President Nixon," says Sindlinger. "Just in the last two weeks, though, people are switching to talk of recession as his biggest problem."

COMPUTERS

Wearing Out the Insulation

When their industry was in its youth, computer men lived in a world of their own, immune to most of the gyrations of the rest of the economy. Now the industry is well established, and to its dismay is no longer insulated from such problems as the general business slowdown, reductions in federal contracts, stiffening competition and tight money.

Last week, for example, Control Data Corp. of Minneapolis announced that it had suffered "substantial" losses in computer operations in the first quarter, and would lay off an unspecified

number of workers throughout the nation. The company specializes in making very large computers, sold chiefly to the Pentagon and universities, both of which are suffering from budget squeezes. Some corporate customers have also told Control Data to stretch out deliveries—to send computers later than the ordered dates. To conserve cash, other customers have switched from buying computers to leasing them at fees ranging up to \$300,000 a month.

Several suppliers of computer services were also in trouble. Los Angeles-based Computer Sciences Corp. discontinued Computicket, a system that sold theater and sports tickets at terminals linked to a central computer. Computicket had

JOHN ZIMMERMANN



CIRCUIT DESIGNING BY COMPUTER

The fashion is to be nervous.

been losing clients to a rival service, Ticketron. At the same time, Manhattan's Computer Applications, Inc. scrapped Speedata, a computerized system for reporting grocery sales and prices. The company simply could not raise the \$2,000,000 more needed to make the system profitable.

Overdone Jitters. Computer stocks have been sinking ever since IBM announced in January that its fourth-quarter earnings were off slightly from the year before—a rare event. Last week IBM reported a turnaround in the first quarter: profits rose to \$2.02 a share, from \$1.82 a year earlier. Its own stock jumped 5¢ points on the news, to close at 33 1/4—still far down from the January peak of 387. The IBM report pulled up prices of some other computer stocks too, but they also remained far below earlier highs. Control Data dropped to 49 1/2, less than half its Jan-

uary peak of 1923. "Wall Street, not Seventh Avenue, is the fashion center of New York," said Computer Expert John Diebold, "and the fashion is to be nervous about computers."

Investors' jitters may be overdone. Like IBM, computer makers who are less dependent than Control Data on Government orders are still doing well. RCA's first-quarter computer sales were up 20% from a year earlier. Those sales, to be sure, reflect orders placed a year ago, and Wall Street expects a slowdown in orders soon. But that has not occurred yet on any broad scale. Some businesses, in fact, are increasing rather than reducing their orders because of the developing profit squeeze; they hope that new, faster and more sophisticated computers will cut costs.

Even the Government, the largest user, is only slowing the rate of increase in its computer orders. Federal departments will buy or lease 4,750 computers in the current fiscal year, up 2% from fiscal 1969, which had shown a 10% rise over the previous year. What last week's traumas really proved was that the computer industry has reached a stage of maturity which includes troubled as well as growing companies.

EAST GERMANY

Capitalists Among Communists

East Germany's Communist chieftains are generally recognized as the most doctrinaire political ideologists in Eastern Europe, but they are well aware that a touch of capitalism also has its attractions. With an unexpected pragmatism, the party leaders decided that nationalizing some small and medium-sized businesses would cost the state more trouble than it would be worth. So the state has simply become a "partner" in a number of "semiprivate" firms that employ hundreds of people, ring up millions in yearly sales and account for some 9% of the \$31 billion gross national product. Their size and importance to the economy is unique in Eastern Europe, and other Communist countries are studying East Germany's example in hope of emulating its success.

Semiprivate concerns are concentrated in textiles and other consumer industries where the premium is on skill and imagination. Not only do they pay high taxes, but they also do well in the export trade and earn generous amounts of Western currency. They tend to react more flexibly than the wholly nationalized companies to changing markets. Recently TIME Bonn Correspondent George Taber visited two East German businessmen who described their relations with their "silent partner," the government. His report:

Herbert Schnabel's tastes run to hand-made gold cuff links. He drives a Soviet-built Chaika, the same make as Communist Chief Walter Ulbricht's. He probably earns about \$125,000 a year (be-

JÜRGEN WÜLFFER



SCHNABEL INSPECTING HIS MODELS
Something for der Boss.

fore stiff taxes) as president of Lucie Kaiser K.G., near Leipzig. East Germany's largest semiprivate women's fashion firm, it employs 370 workers, has annual sales of \$3,000,000 and exports 65% of its product, for which Schnabel has won the Medal of the German Democratic Republic. Schnabel dates his prosperity from 1960 when, to raise capital for expansion, he sold a 37% interest to the government. Sales have since quadrupled.

"At first I saw this half-state idea as a trick to embrace private firms and strangle us," he says, "but I've never had any trouble and won't have as long as the business goes like it is. It's easier facing state officials than the stockholders." After consultation, officials give him target figures for sales, employees and exports. As long as the targets are met, the state stays relatively silent. The bureaucrats demand a pre-tax profit of at least 6%; last year Schnabel doubled the figure.

Consulting the Workers. Schnabel is convinced that if he had fled to West Germany before the Wall went up, he would now be a millionaire. But he says he is not sorry. "You can't take it with you, and I'm not sure I'd have it, with all the gangster methods of competition." He boasts that when his bridal gowns and pantsuits are sold in West Germany, the stores switch his East German labels for fake Paris labels and double the price.

Ernst Strohbach turned to the state for money in 1959. With Communist capital (47%), he built a diversified firm in the ruins of Dresden. His 135 workers turn out just over \$1,000,000 worth of jewelry, electroplated metals, and baroque Hofmuster silver each year. Strohbach could have gone with a gi-

ant state firm, which would have guaranteed him the security that he insists is "very important." But he remained semiprivate because, he says, rubbing his thumb and first two fingers together: "I can make so much more."

Like all East German capitalists, he must put up with labor relations that would unsettle many a Western businessman. Before his firm absorbed another company, Strohbach had to invite the workers' council into the negotiations. The workers also demanded, and got, a redecoration of their dining room, and they control most of the hiring and firing. Strohbach confers with the workers' council two or three times a day, but he retains the right to decide what products are made and how. The state may be his partner, but he insists: "Ich bin der Boss."

SWITZERLAND

Nervous Ticks

Fate has been less than kind to some of Switzerland's cherished enterprises. Foreigners are slicing into the Swiss cheese business with their ersatz varieties; spies who used to patronize hotels in Geneva and Zurich have decamped to Vienna and Berlin; the U.S. Government is threatening to tighten up on Americans' use of secret Swiss bank accounts. Worst of all, the Swiss watch industry, for 300 years a source of national pride and world prominence, is facing an upsurge of international competition.

Last week, as 200 Swiss watch manufacturers gathered to introduce their new models at the Basel Trade Fair, the prime topic was how to handle the foreign challenge. Though sales of their watches continue to grow at a rate of

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Rest assured, the car won't be what you could call radical or far out. But it's going to have some features quite uncommon in cars this size.

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Also: a hood that opens backwards, guard rails inside the doors, disc front brakes, and a finish you won't have to wax.

To be continued.



You'll see.



GM

MAN OF EXCELLENCE

6% annually and last year reached \$521 million, the Swiss are understandably worried. Their exports have declined from 74% of the world total in 1966 to 72% last year, and well-financed, technologically advanced outsiders are eager to reach for more.

Foul! The most feared competitor is Japan's highly automated watch industry, which has captured 8% of the global market and is growing fast, mainly with jeweled-lever watches that generally sell for \$30 or more. Last year the Japanese jolted the Swiss by winning all but one of the prizes for wristwatches in Geneva's chronometer competition, the horological equivalent of the Olympic Games. The Swiss are still crying foul. The Japanese watches, they say, had oversize balance wheels for better performance and were never intended for the mass market. "When you think of how the Germans lost out to the Japanese in the camera industry, you see why the Swiss watch industry should be so concerned," says Robert Forster, marketing vice president of Omega.

Swiss watchmakers are also being pressed by the Soviets, primarily in the less expensive lines. The U.S.S.R. has 6% of the world export trade for watches, and dumps another 3,000,000 movements a year that sell for as little as 50¢ apiece, mostly in Asia and Africa. Often these cheap pin-lever works turn up in bogus Swiss casings with labels that might easily be mistaken for some of the world's best-known brands.

In their richest export market—the U.S.—Swiss watchmakers face rising competition from domestic manufacturers in all price lines. U.S. Time Corp., which prices its Timex models as low as \$7.95, claims to sell more than 50% of watches bought in U.S. stores. Bul-

ova, biggest American producer of jeweled-lever watches (1969 sales: \$159 million), is an increasingly tough competitor in the medium- and high-priced range. Swiss manufacturers lost their technological lead when Bulova developed the battery-powered Accutron a decade ago. The company has since sold more than 1,500,000 Accutrons and brought the price down as low as \$110.

Just a Minute. In a major counter-attack, the Swiss at Basel last week showed off their new "quartz" watches. Each uses microcircuitry and a vibrating quartz crystal in place of Accutron's tuning fork—and is said to be accurate within a minute a year, v. the Accutron's minute a month. Trouble is, early models will cost anywhere from \$350 to well over \$1,000. Last week Bulova began selling a few of its "Accuquartz" watches (U.S. price: \$1,325) made in factories that it has in Switzerland. And those hustling Japanese have already begun limited production of quartz models. Swiss watchmakers, only half jestingly, say that they bought up the first batch of 100 for close study.

The Swiss watchmakers' toughest problem is that their production operations are wildly fragmented while those of their competitors are smoothly integrated. Under the protective wing of the watch cartel, known as the "convention," the industry remains splintered into more than 2,000 firms, averaging fewer than 50 employees each. This creates a plethora of more than 1,900 brands and inhibits cost-cutting mass production. The cartel is now urging more concentration within the industry, and some mergers were brought off last year. Yet change comes at a glacial pace. After 40 years of close financial collaboration, Omega and Tissot only recently agreed to bring their marketing and purchasing functions under a single management. They will still produce their watches under separate brand names.

ASSEMBLING OMEGA WATCHES

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



ADVERTISING France's Model President

As readers flicked through last week's issue of the French magazine *L'Express*, more than a few did double takes. The familiar portly figure peering out from a full-page ad for Brunswick Corp.'s Mercury outboard motors seemed strangely out of place.

It was President Georges Pompidou—in a year-old news photo taken off the coast of Brittany—seated in the stern of a small boat, right next to a 110-h.p. Mercury outboard. "It's for your safety, Mr. President," ran the message below. "We'd be telling tales if we claimed our only concern is your safety. It's important and even dear to us. But—and you'll understand—so is that of all the faithful users of our black engines."

Caught by surprise, Pompidou did not understand at all. He immediately petitioned the courts to force removal

GAMMA



PHOTO FROM MERCURY AD
After all, it was not unflattering.

of the ad. The courts complied in time to strip the President's photo from the 150,000 copies of *L'Express* sold in the Paris area, but the order came too late to affect the 450,000 copies that had already been shipped outside the city; the ad stayed in them. Another magazine, *Paris Match*, which had also intended to carry the Mercury message, got the word from the court just before press time. Deleting the ad caused the magazine to be a day late, raising costs sharply.

"We don't understand what the fuss is about," insisted Marcel Witner, Mercury's international manager. "We did not say Pompidou owned the boat." Besides, he said, in what sounded like an afterthought, "it is not an unflattering picture." More important for Mercury, there was all that free publicity resulting from the fuss. Nor was the publicity lost on other advertisers. For example, officials of the Lacoste apparel-and-toiletries firm surely noticed that their trademark, a curve-tailed crocodile, was sown onto Pompidou's sports shirt. Lacoste, at least, is French.

OIL

Hunt for Sunken Treasure

The invading explorers from nine different countries man an odd armada that ranges the long shoreline of Indonesia. Their expanding expeditions have already spent well over \$100 million, and the cost rises steadily. The gamble, they figure, is worth the price. So the big rigs throb day and night as crewmen drill deep into the continental shelf. They are all racing to tap the same treasure—an undersea source of oil that is far from the dangerous uncertainties of the Middle East and close to the great Japanese market. To make it even more attractive, the oil is "sweet crude," relatively free from pollution-producing sulfur.

Geologists suspect that the undersea oilfields stretch in twin crescents from the coasts of Burma and Thailand along the Indonesian Archipelago to as far south as Australia. If drilling proves

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them right, the results can not only spur development of the whole region, but will also surely alter the balance of global oil politics. Southeast Asia, along with Alaska's North Slope and the Siberian field that the Soviets revealed last month, could give world oil users great new sources of supply.

Fencing with Foreigners. Those sources would be especially welcome. Elsewhere, the world's oilfields are pocked with trouble. Libya is threatening to issue a decree raising royalties. The Shah of Iran is fencing with foreign oilmen in an attempt to increase his government's take. Bolivian development stopped with the nationalization last October of Gulf Oil Corp. Nigerian production suffered during the long war over secessionist Biafra. By compar-

year include Continental Oil, Phillips Petroleum, and possibly Italy's state-controlled AGIP. Last month a number of new offshore exploration contracts were signed. British Petroleum agreed to invest \$8,500,000 in the first eight years of a 30-year contract. Gulf & Western Industries, the Manhattan-based conglomerate that has never been in the oil-drilling business, also signed a pact to explore. Dr. Wendell Phillips, a skillful promoter, won the only contract awarded to an individual in Indonesia; he paid a \$500,000 fee and agreed to spend \$17.5 million exploring onshore and offshore in West Irian.

Commuting from Singapore. All companies that enter the search pay heavily for the privilege. They must join a partnership with Pertamina, the gov-

ernment and finance sorely needed development.

The oil rush already has spread benefits throughout the region, notably to Singapore, the principal supply center for prospectors. In partnership with the Singapore government, Santa Fe-Pomeroy Services, Inc., a U.S. company, has leased part of an abandoned British naval base and established a humongous business supplying the offshore oilmen with pipe, chemicals and even food. Shell has built a \$60-million refinery in Singapore, and Esso is putting up another. An estimated 1,500 Americans have moved in, including the families of several executives who commute to Djakarta, 557 miles away.

More Untapped Riches. Exploration around Malaysia is also picking up. Gulf, Mobil and Amoco have received



DRILLING OFF WEST JAVA



OFFSHORE RIG NEAR THAILAND

Out to alter the global balance.

ison, Indonesia seems relatively calm. The archipelago has been producing oil from land-based wells since 1893; last year the flow was 850,000 bbl. a day, compared to about 9,000,000 bbl. daily output in the U.S. The offshore rush began to heat up last year, when a combine of Atlantic Richfield and IIAPCO (a subsidiary of San Francisco-based Natomas Co.) made a find of potentially commercial size in the Java Sea. Soon after, Japex Indonesia Ltd., a Japanese government-controlled company, discovered oil in the Malacca Strait. Japex's results have yet to measure up to early expectations, but the Atlantic Richfield-IIAPCO group has lately hit some promising sources.

The potential has attracted dozens of companies. Union Oil Co. of California is drilling off Sumatra; Cities Service brought a rig in from Beaumont, Tex., to bore beneath the Java Sea. Others scheduled to begin exploration wells this

year include Continental Oil, Phillips Petroleum, and possibly Italy's state-controlled AGIP. Last month a number of new offshore exploration contracts were signed. British Petroleum agreed to invest \$8,500,000 in the first eight years of a 30-year contract. Gulf & Western Industries, the Manhattan-based conglomerate that has never been in the oil-drilling business, also signed a pact to explore. Dr. Wendell Phillips, a skillful promoter, won the only contract awarded to an individual in Indonesia; he paid a \$500,000 fee and agreed to spend \$17.5 million exploring onshore and offshore in West Irian.

Commuting from Singapore. All companies that enter the search pay heavily for the privilege. They must join a partnership with Pertamina, the gov-

ernment oil monopoly, which is run as an independent fiefdom by Lieut. General Ibu Sutomo. The initial charge can run to as much as \$7,000,000 in so-called signature fees—"just for a hunting license," as one oilman puts it. The companies take all the risks. If oil is found, Pertamina allows a foreign contractor to keep the first 40% to pay exploration and production expenses; the remaining oil is split, with the government monopoly taking at least 65% of it. Pertamina pays all local taxes and supplies "environmental assistance," meaning help in slicing through red tape.

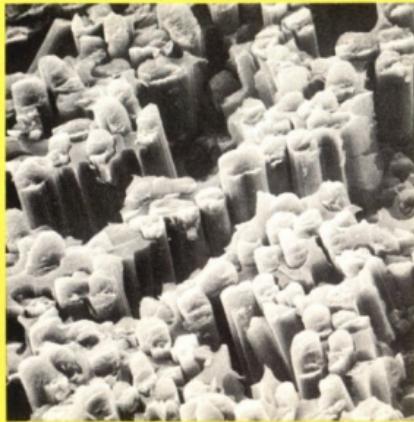
Oil figures importantly in Indonesia's economic development plans, and Djakarta is, in effect, counting its wells before they are proved out. Deeply in debt after years of misrule under former President Sukarno, the country owes \$2 billion to foreign creditors. If oil is produced on a large enough scale, it will strengthen Indonesia's economy

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Because of the preeminent position of Celanese in fiber-making technology, and its leadership in epoxy resin chemistry, no other company is better equipped for entry into the composites field.

Having been successful in the development of high-performance graphite fiber, Celanese has made a major, long-term commitment in this area—including establishment of a Venture Marketing/Engineering Team devoted expressly to development and application of composite materials.

It will be some time before volume production of graphite fiber composite comes

on-stream. Present production is going entirely into fabrication and testing of product prototypes. Beyond the aerospace industry, many other potential applications for composites have been identified—including high-speed trains and autos, appliances and boats—even sporting goods.

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Keep your eye on Cleveland

CINEMA

All in the Family

The Sicilian Clan is a tidy, entertaining Mafia melodrama about the biggest don in Paris; it is also a glossy, suspenseful heist film, dealing with what sounds, on paper, like the world's most impossible robbery. Directed with taut professionalism by France's Henri Verneuil, the movie is just absurd enough to amuse those who like their capers with a grain of salt.

Papa (Jean Gabin) is the leader of the Manalese family, a friendly bunch of transplanted Sicilians who operate a nice business selling jukeboxes and pinball machines. The big profits, however, are made in the office up the warehouse stairs, where Papa and his boys plot some elegant crimes, like springing a fellow countryman (Alain Delon) from a locked police van. Delon has managed to wangle some inside dope about the alarm system at a big jewel show in Rome's Villa Borghese. Gabin sees this as potentially the biggest heist of all time. In company with a couple of American colleagues, he sets off with the clan on one of those intricate jobs that require split-second timing, a cool eye, a steady hand, and complete suspension of disbelief.

As in almost all cinematic robberies, things work marvelously well on the mechanical level and fail dismally on the human. Among the cast, Delon is effective as a cold-blooded killer whose attention is invariably diverted whenever one of Papa's daughters-in-law (Irina Demick) slinks across his pearl-handled pistol sights. Immobile and imperturbable of feature, Gabin looks more and more as if his stolid face belonged on a French equivalent of Mount Rushmore. The final and inevitable disintegration of his family may lack the tragic intensity of *King Lear*, but it will please devotees of *The Godfather* well enough.

the
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COOKBOOK

Irish Mist Liqueur

Irish Mist Liqueur

Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

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Bon Appétit.



GABIN (LEFT) & DELON
Caper with a grain of salt.



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O'TOOLE IN "LOVE"
Spasm of boredom.

Mired in the Highlands

Often a good actor and sometimes a great one, Peter O'Toole nevertheless has little talent for concealing his boredom in film projects that seem unworthy of his skills. There is always one sure sign of his desperation: O'Toole begins to twitch. His right eyebrow arches, his mouth creases, one shoulder appears to rise several inches above the other, and his neck bobs back and forth as if a series of tiny explosions were occurring at the top of his spinal column. This invariably happens at moments of great stress, when the actor, not the character, has come to the end of his rope.

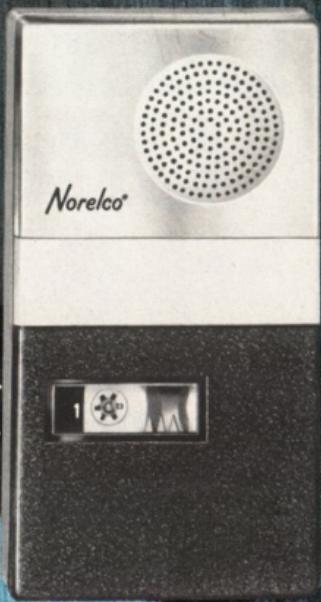
Brotherly Love is so bad a movie that O'Toole appears to be in almost continual spasm from beginning to end. Mired in the Scottish highlands, he plays a daft and decadent nobleman, improbably named Sir Charles Henry Arbutinot Pinkerton Ferguson, who has an unholy craving for his sister (Susannah York). After causing no end of mischief—including crippling Susannah's marriage and shooting his left ear off with a shotgun—poor "Pink," as sis calls him, is packed off to a genteel asylum run by a kindly doctor named Maitland. Cyril Cusack, the fine Irish character actor, plays this role with a certain amount of bemused charm that makes the brother's plight slightly more believable and O'Toole's even more poignant.

Heroes and Villains

"In the final analysis," says Hungarian Film Maker Miklós Jancsó, "I find no solution to the problem of reconciling man's power with his freedom." Even so, Jancsó has made a singular struggle to come to grips with the problem in such epic films as *The Roundup* and *The Red and the White*. Using historical narrative and an elliptical style, he has developed a highly personal cinema for the

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avowed purpose of "killing all sentimental romanticism." In its place he has substituted a gray bleakness as background for his fables of political manipulation and moral subversion.

As he has dug more deeply into the problem, Jancsó's films have become progressively more stylized—more concerned with issues and symbols than with people. The director seems to believe that characterization stands in the way of analysis. In *Winter Wind* Jancsó has made his most oblique statement yet. Individual identities are always interchangeable. Cowards in one scene can be heroes in another; heroes are villains; martyrs are assassins. Motivations are questioned, contradicted, eliminated. Reality becomes little more than a masquerade. And yet the resulting tale of brutality and betrayal is a harrowing experience for the audience.

Brush Strokes. The film's story is simple, at least in synopsis. Marko (Jacques Charrier) is the leader of the Ustachi, a group of Croatian anarchists who made forays from Hungary into Yugoslavia before World War I. *Winter Wind* deals with the particular events leading up to the group's assassination of Alexander I and the French foreign minister in Marseille in 1934. But Jancsó has relatively little interest in the incident itself or in the characters of the people who instigated it. He is, instead, obsessed with illustrating the forces that drove the individuals involved. His camera sweeps about his actors in broad brush strokes, imprisoning them in an enormous, existential fresco.

Unfortunately, this kind of intellectual film making tends to become a technical exercise. Jancsó keeps his camera aimed at a single scene for ten minutes at a time. The results are often stunning, but frequently they tend to be ostentatious, sacrificing humanity for setting. His characters ultimately become cold symbols, seen from a distance. But this, after all, is his intention. Their coldness is the cutting edge of his rage.



MARTYRS' FUNERAL IN "WINTER WIND"
Cryptogram of brutality.

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Journey into Self

DELIVERANCE by James Dickey. 278 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

James Dickey's four characters seem far from ready for challenge or response. One is a quiet sales supervisor for a soft-drink company who not only believes in his company's product but in its advertising. Another sells mutual funds. Dickey's narrator, Ed Gentry, runs a Southern graphics studio cheerfully described as a "no-sweat shop." Just occasionally he is nudged by a fear of encroaching flab and a feeling that he is sliding too easily through life. Of them all, only Lewis Medlock seems outward-bound for the heart of darkness. At 38, he is an expert archer, spelunker, weight lifter

and fiend for physical fitness; he is also an obsessive and philosophic seeker of challenges. He presses the others to join him on a three-day canoe trip down a north Georgia mountain gorge.

"I think the machines are going to fail," Medlock explains, "the political systems are going to fail and a few men are going to take to the hills and start over." Survival, he points out, depends "on having to survive. The kind of life I'm talking about depends on its being the last chance. The very last of all . . ."

Primitive Struggle. That kind of character, as anyone's twelve-year-old adventure-story reader could tell, can only lead to trouble. Half the fun of reading *Deliverance* is watching an expert poet-turned-first-novelist deliver his creations

into the hands of fate and fast water.

The canoe trip, naturally, turns into a disaster. Medlock's dream of being tested for survival becomes a nightmare of trial by terrors that Dickey finds in the wilderness and within himself. During the run down the river, all four men nearly drown in the rapids. Lewis Medlock breaks a leg in a spill from a canoe. The mutual-fund salesman is raped in an act of sodomy by two mountain people who beset the city slickers. Gentry tumbles from a cliff with the body of a mountain man whom he shot with a bow and arrow while defending himself. The final score: two mountain folk dead (by arrow shot), one canoeer dead (from ambush rifle fire), three bodies secretly and horribly buried or sunk to avoid trouble with the police.

A fast and shapely adventure tale is a rare enough creation. Dickey has surely

"Everyone's Notion of a Poet"

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JAMES DICKEY

THEY hate to see him leave a party—not that it happens very often. "Take one with you, Jim!" someone shouts, and the big man rises and knocks one back in one gulp. "I just did," he says, and leaves his admirers gaping. James Dickey is everyone's notion of a poet: part Proteus, part Puck. People marvel at how much liquor he can hold, but he wonders why he can't drink as much as Hart Crane. Others are awestruck that he writes poems, criticism and fiction. He frets that he cannot paint.

He will get to that, though. His early idol was the late James Agee, a writer who threw his talent away like a man feeding hens, but Dickey has carefully harnessed his considerable gifts. Even so, he gnaws on his will power with exhortations in his daily journals:

"Do something about the German language."

"Try to get out at least three or four letters a day. Or five. There is no telling what that extra letter might bring into being."

"I must do something about the chaos in my office."

There is no evidence of chaos around Dickey, only unmistakable signs of a man who knows himself well, likes to stretch himself at least as far as his limits and intends to have some reserves left to buttress the extensions. Dickey's house on a man-made lake in Columbia, S.C., which he shares with his wife and younger son, is a pleasant, orderly place that shows the number of things the owner cares deeply about. In his study are eight guitars—six and twelve string, silk and steel and bronze string—that Dickey plays a couple of hours a day, practicing, improvising, adapting hymns to New Orleans rhythms. Near them are other stringed instruments—Dickey's ten polished wood bows. He walks 28-target archery field ranges the way his contemporaries tramp golf courses.

Dickey has always sought risk and action, first as varsity wingback at Clemson, later as a night-fighter pilot who flew more than 100 missions in World War II and Korea. He

was a thriving advertising executive, but he gradually came to realize that he was "living half a life." At 38, he dropped his successful career to become a fledgling poet. "It was desperation," he recalls. "So I went on relief and got a Guggenheim." After some lean times, six volumes of verse and several short-term teaching stints, he finally settled in 1968 at the University of South Carolina. The money (\$26,000) and the instant tenure were right. So was the proximity to his beloved wilderness, "a subject of endless interest and rejoicing to me" and the main source of his poetry and fiction.

Dickey approaches teaching with a combination of energy and detachment. His creative-writing students are advised to tune into their recalcitrant unconsciousness, or the "celestial wireless" as Dickey calls it. He recently hammered away at his modern-poetry students for most of an hour about Emily Dickinson's obsession with death. When not one of them could see that the house with "the cornice but a mound" in "Because I Could Not Stop for Death" was a grave, he remained undepressed. The class left bright-eyed and exalted by his performance.

Dickey's poetic sensibility, he admits, was the main problem in writing *Deliverance*. "I wanted to write simple, imaginative prose that did not strain for metaphorical brilliance," he explains. "I'm tired of reading novels in which nothing happens. Books like that are really rehearsals for some imagined literary display. I spent time taking things out of my prose." His own book came hard. Separating words from rhythm, he says, was like "putting on a wooden overcoat." Dickey worked at it on and off for seven years. Though he has doubts about writing another, financially he can have no regrets. Book clubs, movie and paperback contracts already assure him of something like half a million dollars. At that, *Deliverance* is only one of four Dickey books that will be published in 1970. They include a new volume of poems, a journal and a series of self-interviews.



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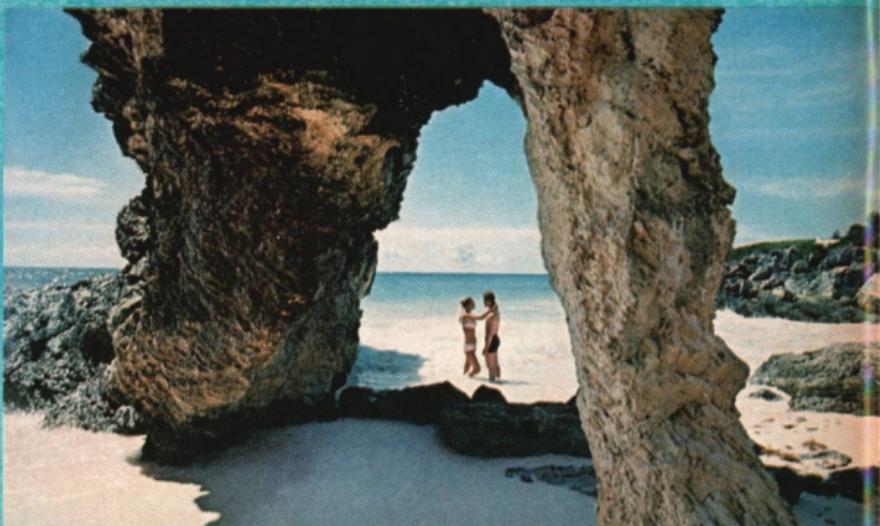
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achieved that. Just as surely he has reached for something more, a small classic novel in which action and reflection are matched and a man's return to primitive struggle produces some lasting fragment of interior knowledge. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and Faulkner's *The Bear* come most easily to mind.

Up to a point, *Deliverance* can bear comparison with both books. Ultimately, it fails where they succeed. Dickey's spare narrative—leisurely at the start, then frantic—rushes the reader forward like the accelerating flow of the river. Whether he is describing the soft but fowl suburban world that the four men leave at home, or evoking the impact of the plunging water, his language has a descriptive power not often matched in contemporary American writing.

Brief but Crucial. Part of the book's impact comes from a poetic empathy that the author feels for the objects and forces that confront his men. Fearful of a rapids just ahead, Gentry imagines: "We would spin broadside and the whole river and all the mountains it came from would fall on us, would pour into the canoe, ton after ton, never ending." Part of the book's charm comes from Dickey's knowledge and love of the outdoors, of guitar playing, of archery. Dickey also manages an overwhelmingly graphic description of a man shot through the chest with a hunting arrow and slowly dying.

Dickey's central failure is brief but crucial. It occurs at the heart of his narrative, when Gentry, after climbing a sheer cliff in the dark, shoots a potential ambusher from a tree and then sets out after the wounded enemy along a trail of blood in the forest. No single action is impossible to believe, but the accumulation—it eventually involves his singing a sort of victory song over the body and then lowering it from the edge of a cliff—is just a bit too much. Gentry's return to the atavistic past suddenly becomes not a part of a compelling story but a self-conscious exercise.

Happily, the lapse is short. Dickey's narrative, like the inexorable river, soon reasserts itself, rolling the reader and Dickey's survivors back to their own comfy suburban world.

For Better or for Worse

ON VIOLENCE by Hannah Arendt. 106 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.75.

REBELS IN EDEN: MASS POLITICAL VIOLENCE IN THE UNITED STATES by Richard E. Rubenstein. 201 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

Hannah Arendt opens her essay on violence by launching an attack on the think-tank methods of "scientifically minded brain trusters." The trouble, she points out, "is not that they are cold-blooded enough to 'think the unthinkable,' but that they do not think."

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At least 5 million youngsters in this country have tried marijuana.

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Like it or not, drugs permeate much of today's youth culture. Children as young as nine or ten are singing songs of drug-induced highs, wearing clothing inspired by psychedelic dreams, speaking the jargon of the addict and experimenting with dozens of possibly harmful substances.

THE FACTS ABOUT DRUGS

Against this background, the TIME Education Program has created DRUGS AND THE YOUNG, a clear, comprehensive and unemotional look at drug abuse.

Originally prepared for the TIME Social Studies Program, this exclusive guide is now available to the public. Its price is \$1.50 per booklet; or for orders of more than 10 booklets, \$1.00 each. (Postage and handling included.)

Many of the points brought out by the booklet are surprising; some are shocking. For example:

- Unlike heroin, most drugs taken by teenagers are relatively inexpensive. A "joint" of marijuana costs only about 75¢. A Dexedrine pill just 10¢.
- Many parents unwittingly steer their children toward experimentation by their own abuse of so-called accepted drugs.
- Underworld pushers don't hook most youngsters on drugs. Their friends do.
- Drug education should begin at about the third grade level. Drug abuse has already reached some junior high schools.

The booklet points out that the worst strategy a community can adopt is to pretend that no problem exists. It is in the comfortable suburban areas and rural places—the "it can't happen here places"—that drug use is growing fastest.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

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- How often does experimentation lead to addiction?
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CORE had much the same motives.

of philosophical presentation, she drapes herself in scrupulous erudition. As if digging were finding, she sometimes struggles to unearth the obvious with an aphoristic shovel: "Power corresponds to the human ability not just to act but to act in concert. Power is never the property of an individual; it belongs to a group and remains in existence only so long as the group keeps together."

The habit of placing concepts in convoluted categories only slightly obscures the author's anxiety about violence and its personal consequences. She sympathizes with the contemporary rage against such things as the war-prone tendency of technology and bureaucratic "rule by Nobody." She understands the "this-is-the-way-the-world-ends" feeling of today's youth as it contemplates the possibility of environmental disaster or atomic war. Though the causes of rebellion and violence often seem just, the use of violence obviously dismays her. "Power and violence are opposites," she writes. "Where one rules absolutely, the other is absent. Violence appears where power is in jeopardy, but left to its own course, it ends in power's disappearance." The essence of her view seems to be a sort of humane pessimism about violence. Dreams do not come true, she asserts with Marx. "The rarity of slave rebellions and uprisings among the dispossessed and downtrodden is notorious; on the few occasions when they occurred, it was precisely 'mad fury' [in Sartre's phrase] that turned dreams into nightmares for everybody."

Mythical Melting Pot. By contrast, Richard Rubenstein has converted similar concerns into a lively argument full of historic fact. His theme is simple—and fashionable. Violence, he says in *Rebels in Eden*, is often an effective and

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imperative act of the powerless seeking power. American history is incomparably richer in violence than most Americans are willing to remember.

While Americans sometimes rewrite their history, they seldom reread it. Rubenstein's book offers an excellent opportunity to do just that. He is invigorating and honest in his ironies; for him, the K.K.K. and CORE share the same sort of motivation. He proceeds through the American Revolution, the Indian revolts, the Civil War, various agrarian rebellions and labor-management wars, before confronting his main topic: race riots, early and late. Rubenstein demonstrates that in each case the oppressed group's lust for independence—through integration or separation—is so powerful, indeed biological, an urge that it will not bear indefinite frustration.

Rubenstein also takes pains to analyze why successful groups tend to resent the remaining unmelted pieces in the mythical melting pot. Once they have become assimilated, they assume that "we have arrived; therefore America has arrived." This fallacy, Rubenstein goes on to say, "recapitulates a tragic error—the identification of the American dream with present reality. And this, of course, is precisely what the myth of peaceful progress is intended to accomplish. The characterization of America as a peacefully self-transforming system leaves no room for violent protest. Eden is not Eden unless he who rebels is an original sinner."

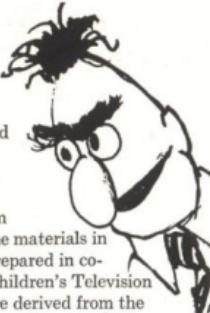
Fair Slice of the Pie. Rubenstein is assistant director of the Adlai Stevenson Institute and a consultant to the former National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. He is aware that the U.S. has been a self-changing society. His conclusion is that Americans will continue to suffer violence until those in power can grant to others what they have in the past violently demanded for themselves: a fully fair slice of the pie or an independent share of the territory. The book, moreover, offers a sensible corrective to the myopic and apocalyptic view adopted by many Americans who are unfamiliar with the past: because violence is in the air and on the streets, everything is going to hell. But Rubenstein also runs some risk of being misread. Sloppily read by others, he might seem to be saying: "Violence is good for you; relax and enjoy it."

Thorns in the Flesh

WAR IS HEAVEN! by D. Keith Mano. 226 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

At first the title cavorts in the mind, a comical inversion of the cliché. By the end of D. Keith Mano's new novel, though, the resonances and realities of the words have lost all irony. They have become literal, horrifying statement.

The scene is slightly exotic—the imaginary South American republic of Camaguay—but the war is of a kind that is becoming all too familiar. American forces are aiding a local dictator in



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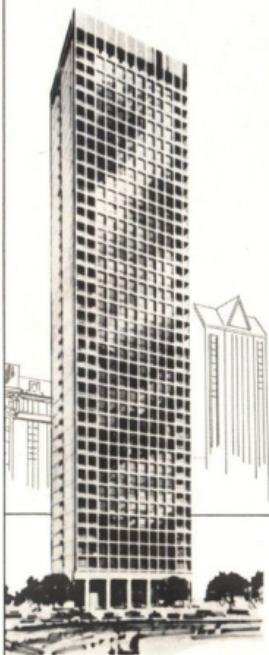
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trying to wipe out a terrorizing Communist guerrilla army. What the book amounts to is an intimate, agast report by an invisible correspondent attached to a mixed patrol of Americans and somewhat loyalist Camaguayan delivering supplies to an isolated camp.

Keith Mano's concern, however, is not with polemics or politics. He is absorbed, instead, by two seemingly antithetical characters: Jones, a disgruntled, cowardly medic who is a cranky version of *Catch-22*'s manic Yossarian, and the patrol leader, Sergeant Hook, whose claw is a spiritual but deadlier version of Captain Hook's famous iron hand.

Clarence Hook is a fanatical Christian soldier for whom sword and plowshare are already one. His answer to "Make love, not war" is "We make war out of love. And God allows it out of love. Only an animal kills without love." Many of Hook's men idolize him. So do the Camaguayan villagers; he buries their relatives who have been cold-bloodedly murdered by terrorists and tenderly ministers to their impoverished sick.

But much of what Hook feels called upon to do in the name of his absolutist faith is cruelly vengeful and it puts his Christianity in darkest question. Indeed, his cruelty places him beneath the craven Jones. For Jones, life is dear even though he does not know how to live it lovingly. For Hook, life is disastrously cheap. Mano seems to suggest that despite Jones' selfishness, there is more cowardice, a more profound "giving up," in Hook's idealism. That idealism eyes heaven too hungrily and, at its tortured extreme, sees war as salvation because in death there is no war.

War Is Heaven! is Mano's third book (*Bishop's Progress*, *Horn*) and his third troubled study of guided or misguided faith confronting worldliness. A wise and gifted novelist, Mano pierces real human flesh with his intellectual thorns.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (1 last week)
2. Love Story, Segal (2)
3. Travels With My Aunt, Greene (4)
4. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow (3)
5. The Godfather, Puzo (5)
6. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (6)
7. The Anderson Tapes, Sanders (7)
8. Deliverance, Dickey
9. The House on the Strand, du Maurier (9)
10. Fire from Heaven, Renault

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
2. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (2)
3. Up the Organization, Townsend (3)
4. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (4)
5. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (8)
6. In Someone's Shadow, McKuen
7. Love and Will, May (6)
8. Looking for Dilmun, Bibby
9. The Graham Kerr Cookbook (7)
10. Wellington, Longford

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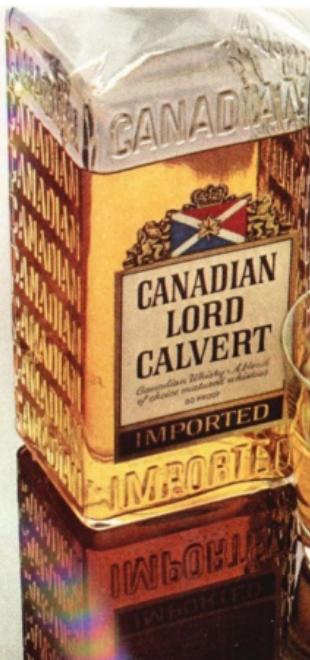
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